

The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXVII., No. 1.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1925.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4953.]

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

A MONTH has elapsed since Marshal Foch's Military Board at Versailles forwarded the Report of the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control to the Ambassadors' Conference, and that body referred the Report back to the Foch Board for more detailed specification of Germany's defaults and of the steps which she must take to make them good. The Allied Governments found it difficult to agree upon the terms of reference by which the Board was to be guided in its further labours. The French Government desired the widest possible latitude for Marshal Foch, more particularly in the framing of the programme with which Germany must comply before she can be considered to have carried out the terms of the Treaty. The British Government, supported by the Italian Government, was unwilling that a purely technical committee of military experts (a committee unknown, moreover, to the Treaty) should do more than supply a strictly technical appraisalment of the material contained in the Control Commission's Report, and a similarly strictly technical recommendation of the measures now to be demanded of Germany. In particular, they opposed the formulation of conditions involving political and juridical issues by Marshal Foch and his Board. At last, however, agreement has been reached, and a questionnaire (of which no one yet knows the nature) has been addressed by the Ambassadors' Conference to the Foch Board. It seems probable, as the "Times" Paris Correspondent significantly remarks, that the progress of the Board with these questions "will depend to a considerable extent on that of the general question of security raised by the pact proposals."

The most important backing Mr. Chamberlain has yet obtained in this country for the Western Pact proposal came from Lord Grey in a speech made on Tuesday night (at too late an hour to be generally reported) at a reception at Lady Salisbury's. Lord Grey dissociated himself from the Government's policy respecting the Geneva Protocol, but regarded Mr. Chamberlain's last speech in the House of Commons as a step in the right direction, in that it foreshadowed an agreement into which France and Germany would enter on equal terms

and with equal rights, as well as equal obligations. The two policies impossible for this country were, he said, isolation and a part in an alliance of victors. If the new Pact did actually put Germany and France on an equality, was actually brought into close relation at every point with the League of Nations, and did involve Germany's entry into the League, then the Foreign Minister would carry his predecessor's blessing with him on the road he was exploring. Lord Grey made it clear at the same time that what he hoped for was some universal understanding, whether on the lines of the Protocol or not, towards which the Western Pact might be regarded as a first step. On that point Mr. Chamberlain has a serviceable metaphor—he sees the Pact as underpinning the Covenant, while the Protocol would impose a superstructure on it.

The first polling for the German Presidency has, as we anticipated, been indecisive, and the second ballot will have to be taken in about a month's time. Herr Jarres, the Nationalist nominee, who headed the poll, obtained nearly two million fewer votes than the combined polls of the candidates who may be counted as solid republicans. The next move would seem to be the opening of negotiations between the republican parties, to decide on a candidate for the combined vote of the Left and Centre. Herr Braun, the Socialist, is obnoxious to the bulk of the Catholic voters, and the best selection would appear to be Herr Marx, who has earned much personal respect, and is a genuine "Centrum" politician, well fitted to steer a middle course. Herr Marx has been nominated by the Centre Party, and has been assured of the support of the Democrats; but the attitude of the Socialists remains doubtful. The position is further confused by a report that the Centre Party have suggested to the united Right that Herr Marx should stand as the collective candidate of the bourgeois parties. The one thing that emerges clearly from the first ballot is the complete rout of the extreme monarchists, as represented by such candidates as General Ludendorff and Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Whether, and on what terms, the Nationalists as a whole would support Herr Marx is another question.

An agreement just concluded between the Dutch and Belgian Governments relieves the port of Antwerp of disabilities first imposed on it nearly 250 years ago. The main principle of the new treaty is that the Scheldt, from Antwerp to the sea, shall be perpetually free, that is, free in peace and in war, to the trading vessels of all nations. Further, both contracting parties undertake to keep the navigable channel up to date for the latest developments of marine construction. This is a diplomatic victory for the Belgians, who have always felt it as a grievance that the Dutch could, if they chose, refrain from buoying or dredging the channel for large vessels, and thus render worthless all harbour improvements at Antwerp itself. The Dutch, however, have stuck to their main contention, that they possess full sovereignty over the lower waters of the Scheldt, and will not bargain away their sovereign rights. The new treaty has an interesting and curious genealogy. By the Treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, the Dutch were given the specially privileged position they have ever since enjoyed for the avowed purpose of preventing the Imperial city of Antwerp becoming a rival to Rotterdam. The Treaty of 1839, establishing Belgian independence, only slightly modified the original provisions, and even now the Dutch appear to have retained some of their privileges. If some treaties are short-lived, others seem to have nine lives.

The alarm excited over the possible abolition of the preference to British imports in South Africa is both premature and exaggerated. The report that the South African Board of Trade, a purely advisory body, has recommended withdrawal of the preferences is still unconfirmed, although it is generally believed, and it remains doubtful whether the Government would act on the recommendation if made. Should they do so, we should regret their decision, not because we believe the British manufacturer incapable of holding his own under most-favoured-nation conditions—the real obstacle to trade development is the general tariff—but because of its probable effect in accentuating the racial element in South African politics. For ourselves, we deplore all this talk about “a covert blow at the Imperial connection.” If the Empire is to be held together, it must be by something at once firmer and higher than tariff bargains, and our main objection to the whole system of Imperial Preference is that it would not only be unsound economically, but would introduce into the relations between component parts of the Empire the same atmosphere of everlasting wrangling, suspicion, and friction that has always resulted from Protectionist policies in international relations.

Lord Leverhulme's personal differences with West African Governors are a matter of small importance. His attack on the principles of West African administration, on the other hand, raises very grave issues indeed. Lord Leverhulme's complaint is, really, that the Governments of the West African Colonies place the interests of some millions of natives before those of a handful of white settlers, or the requirements of European industries for tropical products. The special object of his wrath is “the fatuous policy of preventing the native from selling his freehold land to the white man,” in Nigeria. Lord Leverhulme is, no doubt, perfectly sincere in believing that the best interests of the native would be served by the adoption of the plantation principle; but long experience has shown that such restrictions as are imposed in Nigeria on the alienation of native land, are the only effective bar to those forms of exploitation which make so much of our Colonial

history sorry reading. It is not true that these restrictions render the development of local resources impossible. We have to choose, as Mr. John H. Harris urged in our columns last week, between the plantation method, with its unlimited possibilities of exploitation, and the slower but safer and cleaner course of native education and peasant proprietorship. Lord Leverhulme's diatribes must be read in conjunction with the agitation in Kenya for the application of economic pressure to provide cheap labour for the European farmer.

Mr. Das is more deeply committed than any Hindu politician to the doctrine that India can gain nothing by co-operation with a British Government. The fact that he has not only issued a manifesto deprecating the physical force movement, but also hinted at his readiness to co-operate on certain terms, is therefore proof of the strength of the current that is now setting in the direction of Constitutionalism. But the terms on which Mr. Das is prepared to co-operate have not yet been revealed, and it is not clear whether they are such as our agents can be expected to accept or whether Mr. Das is merely manoeuvring to put himself right with Indian opinion. Lord Birkenhead's reception of Mr. Das's advances was naturally guarded. Still he spoke of the goal of responsible government, of a real and honest partnership in the Empire, and of the road thither still lying open. When he invited Mr. Das to co-operate with the Government in repressing the violence which he deprecates, he can hardly have meant that Mr. Das must convince him of his sincerity by voting for repressive legislation. Few even among the moderates have brought themselves to do that. Presumably, what he asks is that Mr. Das should accept the post of Minister and share with Lord Lytton and his Executive Councillors responsibility for the maintenance of law and order and for the lives of Government's servants and Government's supporters in Bengal. For to that extent the theory of Dyarchy is already obsolete. Hard fact quickly compels the Minister no less than the Executive Councillor to feel a moral responsibility for these things. Since his moral is greater than his legal responsibility, the Minister can fairly claim that his influence in government should be greater than his statutory powers. Lord Lytton can be trusted to admit the justice of such a claim, and Mr. Das knows it.

This week the long-standing Serbo-Croatian dispute has taken a decided turn for the better. M. Paul Raditch, on behalf of M. Stephan Raditch and the Croat Peasant Republican Party, read to the Skoupchtina a manifesto signifying that party's acceptance of the Dynasty, the Yugoslav State, and the Constitution, with the proviso that the last-named be subject to Parliamentary revision. The Government Bloc has responded by modifying the findings of the Elections Mandates Commission and permitting the newly elected Croat deputies to retain their seats. The significance of these events cannot be overestimated. It is evident that M. Pasitch is taking the wise and conciliatory course of not using to the full the powers which his electoral victory had given him against his Croatian adversaries. On the other hand, it is equally evident that the leaders of the Croat party have realized the folly of their former extremist policy. Signs are not wanting that the elections have cleared the political atmosphere to advantage, and that all parties are realizing that the adoption of a conciliatory policy all round will prove the best way of solving the hitherto burning questions between Serbia and Croatia. It should not be difficult now for the Government to find a *modus vivendi* which will satisfy

the reasonable demands of all factions and thus consolidate the Yugoslav State. M. Pasitch's eventual success in this dual task of conciliation and conservation would mean the crowning of a distinguished career by an act of liberal statesmanship, for a consolidated and peaceful Yugoslavia cannot but react favourably upon the general peace and stability of the Balkans.

* * *

In view of the bitterness which characterizes the present discussions on Church and State in France, the Concordat with the Vatican accepted by the Polish Sejm is of considerable interest. Despite the spread of French cultural and political ideas in Poland, the Polish Government appears quite uninfluenced by the secularizing tendencies of French legislation. The most striking instance is the article which prescribes that religious instruction shall be obligatory in all schools except the Universities. Further, the Pope is to have free, direct communication with the Bishops and clergy. Bishops are to be appointed by the Pope; but in such appointments His Holiness agrees to take the advice of the President of the Republic, and before entering upon their duties the Bishops must take an oath of allegiance. No persons whose activity is prejudicial to the State may be appointed to benefices. The Church retains its endowments, but agrees to the repurchase by the State of certain estates for the improvement of rural conditions. No provision is made for State payment of the clergy, and there seems little doubt that the Catholic priests will suffer financially as the result of the agreement, which, nevertheless, they have cordially supported. Obviously, the Concordat goes beyond anything a French Government could possibly accept; but this agreement between the Vatican and a modern democratic Republic is not without significance. Underlying the whole document is an implicit assumption that the clergy are Polish citizens, and that the Holy See has no desire to interfere with the discharge of their obligations to the State.

* * *

The lock-out of all their employees belonging to the National Union of Distributive Workers by some Co-operative Societies in the Lancashire area has two interesting aspects. In the first place, there is the issue as between the co-operator capitalist and the co-operator worker, which has come to the fore during the last few years. Many people imagine that the problem is merely a temporary post-war difficulty, for in the pre-war period it lay dormant, and its existence was only realized by those who studied the movement in detail. But, like many other problems which post-war conditions have brought to the surface, it will remain to be dealt with when those conditions have passed away; and this needs to be realized by that quarter of the population who are members of a movement on which many of them set high hopes as a future ideal commonwealth. The other aspect of the present issue is the familiar one of the relation between wages in sheltered and unsheltered trades. In the ordinary sense of the term, the retailing of staple commodities is a sheltered trade, though co-operators might not agree from the shareholding point of view. But as miners, engineers, and cotton operatives, the Lancashire co-operators are roundly denouncing the union's demands as "millennial," for they naturally make comparison with their own conditions of pay, and the greater uncertainty of their own employment. At every turn one comes up against this problem of wage discrepancies; it is the chief menace to industrial peace to-day.

* * *

The latest scandalous case in the law courts has provoked some organs of opinion to eager sermons on

the "Sins of Society"; whereupon other organs of different opinion have been quick to reply in many hundreds of words that one swallow does not make a summer. It seems to us that another aspect of the case is of considerably more importance and of common interest to all sections of the community, and that is the effect of cases of this kind, conducted as this case was conducted, upon the dignity and the reputation of British courts of law. Is it really inevitable that a sordid squabble like this should take up so much of the time of our congested courts, while eminent counsel quarrel with each other and with the witnesses, and should cost the litigants in actual money alone sums vastly exceeding the comparatively small amount at stake? The fact that certain kinds of behaviour are not typical of any class is so obvious that it is not worth stating, but we should imagine that a good many members of the legal profession are hoping that it is also obvious that some methods of advocacy are not typical either.

* * *

The swamping of the Oxford boat in the University Boat-race last Saturday has caused a great deal of controversial discussion, which has ranged far and wide over the merits of the boat itself, the possibilities of pumping, the tactics of the Oxford coxswain, and the handling of the start by the umpire. Oxford, as a matter of fact, were on the horns of a hopeless dilemma. They could scarcely present a crew, which was generally regarded as likely to beat them in any case, with a useful lead at the very beginning of the race, and yet the only alternative was to risk the almost certain swamping which in fact befell them. When the stronger crew won the toss the race was as good as over. There seems to be a very general feeling that the advantage accruing from the winning of the toss on a rough day ought to be minimized as much as possible, and that both boats ought to be started as close to the windward bank as is practicable. If this course is not in accordance with precedent, it is to be hoped that last week's fiasco will be sufficient to cause a new precedent to be made.

* * *

Our Irish Correspondent writes: "The centre of political disturbance in Ireland has shifted for the moment to the six counties. Sir James Craig appears to have set out to prejudice the issue in the Boundary question as far as possible; his method appears to be almost exactly similar to a studied contempt of court for which an individual might be put in gaol. Nor can one doubt that if it were the Free State which was attempting such tactics the protests from the Die-Hard Press would be loud and long. However, it does not really appear that the manœuvre will do much harm, especially as the supporters of the Free State naturally cannot put up any official candidates, and the issue will be left mainly to decision among various sections of Unionists, whose reasons for quarrelling among themselves are of no concern to us in the South. Meanwhile, it is clear that time is working in the direction of a kinder feeling towards some kind of union. In proportion as the financial position of the Free State improves, it becomes obvious that the Government of Northern Ireland is really living on the charity of England, and giving very little but trouble in return for it. Sooner or later the British Treasury must get tired of paying for lorry-loads of men, armed to the teeth, driving round the peaceful streets of Belfast to keep the crowds in order at Rugby football matches. When they do get tired of it unemployment will become a more critical menace in the six counties than it is at present in the Free State."

WILL UNEMPLOYMENT INCREASE?

AN unusual realism marked the debate on unemployment, which took place in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week. Hitherto the House has had two styles for the theme. Sometimes, responding eagerly to some such challenge as "Socialism is the only remedy," it has plunged into one of those interminable discussions of a vague abstraction which are the delight and the stand-by of an undergraduate debating society. At other times it has preoccupied itself with the technical details of administration—canvassing the exact sums of public money spent by successive Governments on relief works, or, as happened only three weeks ago, disputing hotly the policy and the parentage of Circular 8213. In either case, the note of party faction has been supreme; damaging points, triumphant retorts, smashing speeches have been made; the doctrinaires and the swashbucklers in all parties have thoroughly enjoyed themselves; and chill despair has crept over those who realize how vital and how difficult the problem of unemployment is, and how severe an intellectual effort is needed, if we are to master it.

But last week the whole atmosphere was different. Members, on all sides, were obviously trying to get to grips with the problem. Party gibes were indulged in very sparingly, and even then with an apologetic note. Panaceas were at a discount. In their place was a readiness to face facts, to tackle new and difficult ideas—a real effort to talk sense. Not everything that was proposed was wise. We trust, for instance, that Sir Alfred Mond will not convert any of his colleagues to his idea of using the unemployment insurance funds to subsidize employers who engage additional workpeople. But behind his proposal there was a serious attempt to think the matter out; and most of the speeches conveyed a similar impression that the member's mind had really been at work. The results were not, indeed, strikingly illuminating; but at least we had a discussion not markedly inferior in grasp to, say, a week-end Conference at an Oxford or Cambridge college of persons interested in industrial problems.

For this gratifying change, credit is largely due to Sir John Simon, who initiated the debate on behalf of the Liberal Party in exactly the right key. It was helped by the chastened mood of the Labour Party, who cannot, after last year's experience, repeat their old speeches with any satisfaction to themselves. Perhaps, also, the House was still under the influence of Mr. Baldwin's appeal for "sweetness and light." But another factor helped to account for the serious mood. There is a growing uneasiness about the industrial outlook. At a season of the year when the volume of trade normally expands, it is not expanding. The metallurgical group of industries—coal, iron and steel, engineering, shipbuilding—which are the centre of industrial *malaise*, are encountering growing difficulties, and have almost lost the hope of better days ahead. The most optimistic, indeed, can no longer convince themselves that a steady expansion of trade upon normal lines is about to take place, which will reduce unemployment to pre-war dimensions. On the other hand, though we may hope that the pessimists may prove wrong, the possibility cannot be ruled out that trade may shortly suffer a definite set-back and unemployment grow formidably worse. Over the whole outlook, moreover, there hangs the menace of grave labour disputes, which it will take all the industrial statesmanship which Mr. Baldwin calls for to avert.

Let us take stock of the situation. As Sir John

Simon pointed out, unemployment to-day is practically the same as it was two years ago,—a figure of over 1,200,000 persons, including well over 900,000 men. That figure of two years ago represented a considerable recovery from the depths of a trade depression, a recovery which was still in progress, and which, in fact, continued fairly steadily, allowing for seasonal movements, until May, 1924, when little more than a million persons were unemployed. Since then employment has fallen away again; and we are back where we were in 1923. What are the morals to be drawn? In the first place, it is fairly clear, not only from the unemployed figures but from other signs, that by the spring of last year the ordinary process of recovery from an ordinary trade depression was virtually exhausted. Trade as a whole could not properly be termed depressed last spring. So far as the ordinary trade cycle is concerned, that roundabout of the phases of normal trade activity, boom, crisis, slump, depression, slow recovery, normal trade again, which accounted for the major part of any serious pre-war unemployment, we had reached the phase of normal activity—with over a million persons unemployed. That was the problem which presented itself last spring.

We ourselves felt so convinced that unemployment was not going to be solved by a mere continuance of ordinary trade recovery that we initiated last April in *THE NATION* a searching discussion of the trade outlook, opening with a letter from Mr. Lloyd George, whose claim last week that he has always sought to make people face the seriousness of the position is abundantly justified. The conclusions which we drew then we venture to summarize to-day. The main and obvious explanation of the coexistence of large unemployment with normal conditions as regards the trade cycle is the decline in foreign trade. This is a factor which it is not within our power to correct. It is not our *share* of world trade, but world trade as a whole, which is down. Nor is it a matter which is likely to right itself very soon. Nor, again, is it necessarily an unmitigated evil. If we are selling less abroad, we are selling that less on better terms. We are not in the smallest danger of finding ourselves in difficulties about purchasing our essential supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials, which are the ultimate purpose and *raison d'être* of our export trade. It ought not to be impossible to secure such a diversion of our labour-power to new industrial purposes as would get rid of abnormal unemployment and increase our national income. It is in this direction that we should turn our minds. What prevents our using, where there is need for them, the labour-power and resources lying idle in the export trades?

To this question we give two answers. The appropriate remedy for unemployment in the metallurgical industries, arising from diminished exports, is the undertaking of schemes of capital development at home, which call for the services of just this type of industry. Unfortunately, such development is handicapped at present by various obstacles, and it should be one of the primary tasks of statesmanship to see how these obstacles can be overcome. Secondly, the situation calls for the greatest possible *mobility* of labour,—between different occupations, between different districts in the same occupation: and for many reasons, the mobility of labour is much less to-day than it has ever been. Admittedly, these are difficult problems; but it is no use pretending that they are not the real problems, because they are difficult to deal with. In the case of the coal mines, for example, the only possible means of raising the standard of the miners is to press on rapidly with the development of

new and profitable pits in place of those which will never again be economic. Capital development and greater mobility are the two essential conditions of a reduction of unemployment substantially below the figure of a million; and Mr. Lloyd George is, we believe, entirely right in the persistence with which he stresses both these points.

But, at the moment, another aspect of the problem is even more important. General trade conditions could not, we say, be rightly called depressed twelve months ago. Nor are they really depressed to-day. But unfavourable symptoms abound, and the possibility that trade may take a turn for the worse in the near future must be seriously reckoned with. In this connection, the decisions that will shortly be taken with regard to our monetary policy are of critical importance. The Government is under strong pressure from the pundits of financial orthodoxy to promise a definite return to the gold standard by the end of the present year. The Act which imposes an embargo on gold exports lapses at that date; it must be specially renewed unless we are ready to take the plunge back to gold, and it is certainly desirable that we should know well beforehand whether it is to be renewed or not. It is, therefore, entirely right that the question should be raised at this juncture. Nor is it surprising, in view of the fact that sterling is not very far below par, that the stalwart advocates of gold should argue that the present opportunity is much too good a one to miss.

We make bold to say that a return to gold this year cannot be achieved without terrible risk of renewed trade depression and a serious aggravation of unemployment. A boom in the United States and a big rise in American prices would, it is true, bring us back to gold without these sacrifices. A few months ago, it seemed quite likely that this was about to happen, and it remains a probable development of the next few years. But at the moment activity is tending to slacken in America. We cannot count on a boom there this year sufficient to put sterling firmly at par without deflation on our part. In these circumstances, to announce that we shall return to gold this year is to announce that a curtailment of credit, further increases in Bank Rate, a deflation drastic enough to force prices down by a considerable percentage, which it can only do through the medium of depressing trade, will in all probability be called for. Surely business confidence is not so strong that such threats can be lightly thrown over it.

It is not as though we could feel confident that the present high exchange rate of sterling was justified on the basis of our present price-level. On the contrary, as Mr. Keynes points out this week in our Financial Section, there are good reasons for believing that sterling is considerably overvalued by the exchanges. It has been buoyed up by that most untrustworthy of all supports—the anticipation that it would shortly return to par. In our judgment this overvaluation of sterling has been a factor in the recent setback to our export trades. Everyone recognizes that our export trades are hit by an undue depreciation of the mark or the franc or the lira; but there is a curious failure to grasp that an undue appreciation of sterling has precisely the same effect, is really only the other side of the same shield. Indeed, it is not too much to say that we have been already suffering from an anticipated deflation, working through unduly high exchange-rates, the whole brunt of which has fallen on the "unsheltered" trades.

There were many references to monetary policy in the House of Commons debate, not all of them reassuring. Mr. Snowden, after stressing the "intimate connection between our monetary policy, currency and credit, and unemployment," and denouncing the "rapid deflation" of post-war years, urged the need for

caution in general terms. He then expressed the hope that "the Government will take an early opportunity of announcing that, if they do not propose to go back to the gold standard before the end of the year, they do not intend to renew the Act when it automatically expires at the end of this year." It is disconcerting to find that Mr. Snowden evidently thinks this a moderate and cautious programme. Mr. Lloyd George brushed monetary questions aside as unimportant details. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland thought it enough to say that Germany has a bank rate of 9 per cent. It is difficult to resist the impression that most of our public men try to minimize the importance of monetary influences, because they find the subject an intricate and difficult one. We venture to say that while the public has reconciled itself to the failure of successive Parliaments to solve the unemployment problem, it will not show itself complacent if it should prove that unemployment has been aggravated, gratuitously and on a substantial scale, in the interests of a return to gold. Nor will it avail members then that the course they supported was eminently respectable.

HUMAN DERELICTS.

IN a book written in 1859 it is stated as a common belief that there were 70,000 persons who rose each morning in London without the slightest knowledge as to where they would lay their heads at night. Population has greatly increased since those days; poverty also has broadened out; but the number of the homeless has not manifestly increased. The L.C.C. took a census one night in February, and, including all the people in shelters and doss-houses, found the number well under 20,000—an under-statement, I believe. But there is evidently a very large number, though luckily it does not mean that one in fifty of our women is a drab and one in fifty of our men an "Embankment tramp." It includes the thousands who eke out a poor living, but are homeless through sheer lack of homes. The saturated inner areas of London, like King's Cross, are shedding men and women daily. And these become casual sleepers, wanderers from doss-house to doss-house. They could conceivably be decently provided for. They are not derelicts. As time goes on they tend to enter that hopeless class and become incapable of having homes, even were homes possible to find.

Doss-house life is very demoralizing, especially for women, where the more respectable are degraded to one level by the foul language and bad ways of life of the lowest. It is said that once a man or woman takes to sleeping in doss-houses he rarely settles down again to home life.

In my opinion, the force which most commonly reduces the doss-house migrant to the shelterless stage is drink. The American experiment of Prohibition has caused an almost complete disappearance of homeless persons from the cities. Even the lowest can somehow pick up enough money to pay for a night's lodging if he can save the coppers. One does not become a Morgan by selling matches or begging, but it has been proved again and again that money is certain to come to beggar and hawker. The more disreputable the beggar the more he earns, and the more perhaps he drinks. One cannot but feel sorry for the sleepers on the Embankment. But their homelessness does not simply represent human lack of charity or kindness; it indicates more often the moral failure of the sleeper.

My wife and I went down one winter night to the Embankment with a bottle of port and a large, much-

almond Dundee cake from the Patisserie Belge. It was cold and wet, and it was Christmas, but the usual desperate crowd had their places on the benches facing the river.

I waked them up one by one and proffered cake and wine. No one cursed my impertinence. No one said: "Leave me alone to my dreams." No, so far as the wine was concerned, they heard the word with gladness. Not one of those we tended but was worse for drink; not one refused another glass. As regards the cake, they seemed not particularly interested. They had grown disaccustomed to cake, and the almonds did not suit their bad teeth.

"Thanks, mate! But to tell you the truth, I ain't got much appetite, blowed if I 'ave. I'll just put this 'ere in my pocket. Perhaps I might feel I wanted it ter-morrer mornin'."

They liked the wine. I asked a constable who came to watch us if he thought I was justified in giving one of them a drink. But the policeman said nothing. He just stared at the "down and out" with gleaming eyes. And he, a diminutive, shabby fellow with a bit of a grey face, cringed.

"I do need just suthin' to pull meself togedder like," said he, eyeing the bottle.

I came up to another, stalwart, red-faced, with big eyes staring out into the night. He said not a word. He did not consider me. I might have given him poison; it would have been all the same. He took the glass from my hand, turned the wine down his throat, handed the glass back, and went on staring.

Another man, lying shrunken and dishevelled like a battlefield corpse, proved to be quite drunk. He lay "neck and crop" in the half of a seat, with his face to the back. I roused him up foolishly to give him something with which to warm his bones. He drank avidly; he refused the cake.

"Don't think as I 'aven't got a 'ome," said he. "I live over Walworth way, but they stood me a few drinks. That's 'ow it was. I didn't feel as 'ow I cud fin' me way 'ome. So I jus' settled down 'ere to sober up."

One wondered what sort of a home it was "over Walworth way" where they waited or didn't wait this drunk.

Another whom we regaled had been stirred up twice by a policeman and made to sit instead of lying down. "The Church Army is providing beds for all to-night," said the policeman. "No money is taken. Good, warm beds and a breakfast in the morning. Now you pack off there, d'ye hear!" said he.

The man rubbed his eyes. "But I've always slept 'ere," said he disconsolately. "You might see me on this bench any night for years. I don't want any bed . . . no fit state."

"You get along. If you aren't gone by the time I return on my beat next I'll take you there myself."

So saying, without humour, the fine, upstanding Bobby went on, and the speedy old lodger of the Embankment remained in some perplexity. He seemed to lack the will to move, and so there he stayed, till the policeman came again and forced him to go.

After drink, the next cause of homelessness is immorality. Many of the derelicts are lepers of a kind. The immoral, while healthy, can always find a sheltering; women will take men in, men will take women in. But there comes a time when the ravages of disease drive the unfortunates out of doors. Their state is known, and they are not wanted anywhere. One may say with assurance there are few potential fathers and mothers of healthy children wandering London at night.

My attention was called to a tall, strange woman, a habitual drab, to be seen crouching and sleeping in courts or church porches. One morning she was observed lying in Hyde Park with her head on a newspaper, in the pouring rain. Her slight clothes were soaked through. She did not care, had long ceased to care. Being wet was but a slight trouble to her. Most of the women in her plight are not only ruined body and soul, but are pariahs as well, and know that their presence is a physical danger to those who come near them. So with dreadful patience they live their outcast lives till they die.

The great war gave us more derelicts; it brutalized, incapacitated, demoralized. We have still to reap the harvest of the war upon the streets of London. Our prison system is also making derelicts. There is less chance for a man when he comes out of prison. He is desocialized whilst he is in gaol. All goes wrong in his absence from home. His effects are frequently sold up or turned into the roadway. Landlords gladly regain their property, and he receives "the key of the street." He comes out of prison with the Prisoners' Aid Society's half-crown and a few tickets for doss-house beds. But he is doleless, homeless, and jobless. The underworld has a great power to drag him to it, and he has seldom much moral stay or power of resistance.

However, the workaday world dawns on the wilderness of London at night. The jackals slink away. We do not think of them; ignore them. Ours to live; theirs to die. But in our political devotion to London, in our desire to pull down the slums and rebuild them nearer to the heart's desire, I believe we overlook the real tragedy of London: the dead, the derelicts, the under-dogs, the creatures that once were men, the people who have fallen out of the bottom of our human society. The nameless fear of many men and women is that they might eventually become one of these. If not always in our minds, it is more often in our consciousness. It is London's waiting hell. The bottom falls out of Shaftesbury Avenue, and you see the underworld. Why should we not be allowed to attack the prime causes of this sin and shame—drink and immorality?

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

WESTMINSTER.

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

THE first of the three sections of the Session is ending. It has been aided in time by the fact that the King's Speech Debate was cleared away before Christmas. But "tranquillity" has been the order of the day. Galleries which last year were full are practically empty. Infinite boredom seems the present attitude of all parties alike. That boredom is reflected in the world outside. Newspaper reports practically omit the Parliamentary debate. But for the fact that certain votes and monies have to be dealt with, the House might, with equal acceptance, have continued the adjournment. There have been three or four days when the Labour minority or the smaller Liberal minority have battered themselves against the Government in vain. Perfunctory answers have been given. Members with relatives in the gallery have delivered maiden speeches with variations of success. At eleven o'clock the Government majority "has been brought to bear on the question." Men have flocked in to vote from theatres and dinner parties. And the attack has been beaten by a majority of two or three hundred. What are sometimes humorously or passionately termed

the "rights of private members" have been sedulously preserved. That is, every Tuesday and Wednesday the House of Commons has been turned into a debating society, where a member whose name is first drawn from a box by the clerk at the table has been authorized to bring in any "motion" which he desires—to call attention to the question that the rich are too rich or the poor are too poor, or that we ought to live with less taxes, or ingeminate the doctrines of universal peace. For all practical purposes these discussions might as well be carried on in the Whitechapel Music-Hall. They have no influence on legislation or administration. The Government need not participate in them. If they do they invariably make non-committal and friendly orations. The attendance is scanty. As the debates begin after eight they are never reported. Their only object is to compel men to vote against their promises, or against some proposal to ladle out money to everyone out of no one's expense, which can afterwards be used against them by their opponents in elections in the country. The private member has also blithely preserved his Friday for hopeful introduction of Bills. Practically none of these Bills ever pass. Very few even get to Committees. In this section the abolition of the Political Levy was wiped out by Mr. Baldwin's friendly tears: the Miners' Minimum Wage by defiant vote: "votes for flappers" disappeared with equal celerity. The Private Member gets no benefit greater than if he spoke on something doing or done—a Government Bill being passed, an estimate challenged. Governments which have attempted to do anything have always grabbed most of this time amid cries of pain from the "private member rights" defenders. But it is evident that, at least as far as this year is concerned, the Government is desirous, above all things, of doing nothing. The Prime Minister has even hit upon a happy device of getting general agreement to shorten the Session, with (as a reward) the shipping of batches of members to the Dominions and the Colonies, after its close, at the public expense. One wonders why he does not frankly use a battleship to convey the whole six hundred round the world after the Prince of Wales, in order to promote friendliness and to postpone the difficult effort of Reform.

So that the Summary, under familiar headlines, is something as follows. *Business done.* Nothing. *Bills passed.* None of importance except those giving grants to the British Empire Exhibition (a colossal failure of twelve months) and to Beetroot growing (a continuous failure of twelve years). *Atmosphere created.* Warm, damp, muggy, suggestive of a child's remembrance of Saturday nights—the smells of steam and soap, and hot flannel—everything but the child itself. It has been passed on by Mr. Baldwin to all minor Ministers: each of whom concludes his peroration with the statements that employers are to lie down with employed, Capital work with Labour, truce be declared on all social questions; and a little child shall lead them. Some of the Labour back benches winnow against this clammy air, but they are drowned and choked by the compliments heaped upon them, the recognition that they are as much honest men as the representatives of the great interests, that all must pull together for the common good. Meantime the question is still unsettled—here are the bath, the steam, the soap, the scrubbing-brush—will the child enter, to have his body nicely cleaned and his hair nicely curled? No positive proposal emerges from this broth of words. All the desperate hurts of society—the unemployed, the darkening trade outlook, the foul housing, the high prices, the low wages, the depopulation of the land, the repopulation of the slums

—all these remain open sores. The guiding idea is that no one will suggest anything that will offend anybody. Only Mr. Lloyd George, that *enfant terrible*, has torn down the curtains with his almost indecent challenge: "It's not much good preaching 'Little children, love one another,' if half the children have all the toffee and the other half have none."

So one imagines Mr. Churchill will complete the exposure when at the resumption of Parliament after Easter he unfolds the secret of his Budget. The majority of the House is lusting after a reduction by 6d. or 1s. of the Income Tax. But there will be fierce enough attacks on the absorption of balance on this particular form of relief, rather than on Widows' Pensions, extension of Insurance, National Development, work for the unemployed, and other cherished and popular schemes of "Social Reform." Meantime he remains tranquil, playing peacefully on the credulity of his audience: with such assertions as that the increase of the Bank Rate was entirely independent of any Treasury approach or (in one of the most audacious answers of modern times) that he had no control over the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, as he (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) was only the Second Lord of the Treasury and not the First! With equal truth the President of the Board of Education might say that he could not be responsible for any particular act of Education policy, because he had not received the assent of the "Board," which includes, amongst others, the Archbishop of Canterbury! So can legal fictions be made a very present help in time of trouble.

The only two debates of any interest have been those on the Second and Third Readings of the Consolidated Fund—on Foreign Affairs and the Unemployed. The burial of the Protocol was celebrated with full musical honours, including an *obligato* performance by Mr. Lloyd George which left the mourners half-stunned. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, whose replies to interrogations are becoming more and more attuned to the irritable and irritating performances of most of his predecessors at the Foreign Office—a general air that it is insolence or criminality for anyone to ask him any question at all—made haste to dissociate himself from this particular strident note in the funeral march, and after one protest, hastily left the House, lest it should be assumed that he had any connection with the accursed thing. But the instrument joyfully played on, continually violating all diplomatic tradition by continually telling the truth, amid groans of anguish from a crowded House. At the moment the atmosphere resembled that of the crowd in the old fable when the voice of a child was heard to cry: "But the King has no clothes on at all." Later, however, there came a reaction, backed by newspaper support, and many declared that it was perhaps as well that the truth should be told after all. Mr. MacDonald was enabled to score universal cheers, in his rebuke to the leader of the Liberal Parliamentary Party as a danger to Europe. Mr. Lloyd George, however, is always adequate to his "Christian principle" (as he called it) of always returning the right blow to the wrong cheek. And in a speech of humour and passion delivered two days afterwards on the Unemployed, which completely swept the House, he got in the response he desired. After a warning to Labour to "beware of their intellectuals," and a happy description of Mr. Sidney Webb's career which seemed to gratify everyone, he turned half in apology to the Labour Members: "Please don't think that I am bringing any charge against the late Prime Minister. He is not an intellectual. He only uses the jargon of the intellectuals—without the

slightest understanding of its meaning." The laughter and cheers were general—and not confined to the Tory and Liberal benches. So the "odds are one." These are the little pleasant incidents which alone put life into a jaded Assembly, very content at the coming of a prolonged Easter Recess.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PROTOCOL

SIR,—Everyone who has followed the discussion concerning the Protocol is aware how great a part has been played in it by *THE NATION*. I would venture the opinion that practically all the arguments against the Protocol, which do not rest either on deliberate or unwitting misrepresentation of its provisions, or which do not equally apply to the Covenant itself, have been drawn from your columns. It is a proud achievement to have furnished Mr. Lloyd George with a thesis for his speech in the House of Commons.

Noblesse oblige. May I make an appeal to you to render a further service to those whose chief concern is that the whole of this matter should be debated, as it has been debated in *THE NATION*, until British opinion really understands the issues at stake?

The Protocol has persistently refused to die. The Council of the League, with the concurrence of Mr. Chamberlain, have now placed it on the Agenda of the Sixth Assembly as the principal item for its discussion in September next. Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain has declared that he has "fundamental objections" to the Protocol, and he invites the British people and the world to take the recent German proposals as an alternative basis for future negotiations.

Further debate is therefore required, and the service which I appeal to you to render is to explain the differences between the Protocol and the German proposals which justify "fundamental" opposition to the one and a warm welcome for the other. Perhaps I can explain my meaning by the following comparison.

You will agree, I am sure, that this is a fair statement of the principles of the Protocol: (1) The abolition of the right of "private" war. This is an essential element of every part of the Protocol. (2) As a logical (though, be it said, not an absolutely necessary) consequence, the pacific settlement of all international disputes, commonly spoken of as "Arbitration." (3) An agreement that no change of the *status quo*, in respect either of frontiers or other legal rights, shall be brought about except by peaceful means. (4) Mutual undertakings, contained both in general agreement and in supplementary special agreements, to prevent the forcible breach of the above obligations. (5) A general scheme for the reduction and limitation of national armaments and for mutual inspection and control through the agency of the League, without which the Protocol does not come into force.

The principles of the German proposals, on the other hand, as stated by Mr. Chamberlain himself (the quotations are from his speech to the House of Commons on Tuesday, March 24th), are as follows: (1) *Abolition of the Right of War.* Germany "is prepared to eliminate war not merely from the West but from the East," i.e., on all her frontiers. (2) *Arbitration.* "Germany is prepared to consider a comprehensive arbitration treaty with the Powers interested in the Rhine. Similar arbitration treaties may be concluded with other States that have common boundaries with Germany if these States desire." It may be added that we have Herr Stresemann's authority for saying that these treaties would be on the model of the German-Swiss arbitration treaty, which provides for compulsory arbitration for every dispute of whatever kind. It should also be noted that Germany does *not* make the absurd proposal, sometimes attributed to her, that her Eastern frontiers should be subject to arbitration. To quote Mr. Chamberlain again: "In suggesting arbitration in the East she does

not propose or suggest that the Eastern frontier should become subject to such treaties of arbitration." (3) *Change of the Status Quo.* Germany "is prepared to disavow and abandon any idea of recourse to war for the purpose of changing the Treaty boundaries of Europe. . . . She is prepared to say that she renounces the idea of recourse to war to change the frontiers in the East, but she is not prepared to say in regard to those frontiers that she renounces all hope some day to modify some of their provisions by friendly negotiations, by diplomatic procedure, or, it may be, for aught I know, by the good offices of the League of Nations." Herr Stresemann has spoken specifically of Article 19 of the Covenant in this connection. (4) *Security Agreements.* Germany is prepared "to enter into a mutual pact with the Powers interested in the Rhine. . . . Further, a pact universally guaranteeing the present *status quo* of the Rhine would be acceptable to Germany"; and Mr. Chamberlain is prepared to take part in this military guarantee of Germany's western frontier. With regard to the eastern frontier he stands firmly to Article 16 of the Covenant, and would fulfil his engagements under it against any State which committed a breach of the Covenant. The reply of the Council to Germany's note concerning Article 16 which Mr. Chamberlain helped to draft three weeks ago, asserts that "this Article is of capital importance for the whole structure of the League, comprising, as it does, an important part both of the safeguards enjoyed and the responsibilities accepted by all the Members. . . . The provisions of the Covenant do not permit that, when action is undertaken in pursuance of Article 16, each Member of the League should decide separately whether it shall take any part in that action. The Council feels bound to explain its clear opinion that any reservation of this kind would undermine the basis of the League." Mr. Chamberlain also very sensibly added in the House of Commons that, "in trying to underpin the Covenant and to stabilize peace in the West, we are not licensing or legitimizing war elsewhere. . . . On the contrary, we hold that, by the same fact of stabilizing peace in the West, we would give an additional guarantee to the frontiers in the East." This may not be identical in form with Articles 11-13 of the Protocol; but in what does the substantial difference consist if the whole of the German offer is seriously meant? (5) *The Reduction and Mutual Inspection of Armaments.* Mr. Chamberlain says: "As I understand, and as I can well foresee, no fruitful issue can come" (of the German proposals) "unless we can deal successfully and expeditiously, on the one side and the other, with the remaining obligations of (German) disarmament and with the evacuation of the Cologne area." In another connection he says: "The essence of such an agreement (as the pact Germany proposes), in my opinion, . . . is that Germany should enter the League . . . taking her place . . . in the counsels of the League on a footing of equality both of obligations and of rights." In this sentence he was referring, of course, to Germany's objections to Article 16. But Germany only objects to Article 16 because she has disarmed and has accepted foreign inspection of her armaments, while other countries have not. Indeed, as her spokesmen have elaborately explained, she has only brought forward her present proposals in the hope that they will lead to a general plan under which all her neighbours will agree to reduce their armaments. And, in any case, is it not plain that she can never be in a position of real equality of legal rights or of political status, until the Members of the League have carried out their Treaty pledges by agreeing to a general scheme of disarmament, such as the Protocol would bring about?

Perhaps this comparison of the Protocol and Mr. Chamberlain's new "basis" may serve to indicate the kind of enlightenment and guidance which your readers would welcome from *THE NATION*. In conclusion, may I suggest two questions which, I think, deserve special attention? (1) If Mr. Chamberlain so warmly welcomes the German offer in respect to the Eastern Frontiers of Germany, which most people regard as the most controversial frontiers in Europe, why are the principles of that offer not equally right for the rest of Europe? (2) Is it possible to hope that any partial Pact, which is not part of a general scheme, and which does not substitute general reduction of armaments and a mutual right of inspection for the present unilateral

disarmament and inspection of Germany, can long endure, still less that it can bring permanent peace to Europe?—Yours, &c.,

P. J. NOEL BAKER.

[We agree that the German proposals resemble the scheme of the Protocol in many of its "principles." That is why we are hopeful that they may help to provide the object of the Protocol, namely, security. But they differ from the Protocol in just the point which is vital to Britain. They contain no suggestion that we should place our guarantee behind any frontier except the Franco-German one, or any other treaty stipulations which may prove intolerable. This is not for Britain a point of minor detail. Unwillingness to assume extensive guarantee obligations was, of course, the decisive factor in the British Government's attitude towards the Protocol. Surely, if that unwillingness is reasonable, it is sufficiently important to warrant the title of a "fundamental objection." After all, the Protocol would affect Britain mainly as a guarantor, and it is because of our value as a guarantor that such importance is attached to our adhesion.

The fact that the proposals now under discussion emanate from Germany is another very important point in their favour. If Germany had adhered to the Protocol (which was by no means certain), she could only have done so after the fact, and her adhesion might have been regarded merely as one more concession to the Allies, of the same doubtful value as her forced signature to the Treaty of Versailles. A direct offer from Germany not to try to revise existing frontiers by force of arms is surely of far more value than an arrangement, to which she is not a party, imposing sanctions on her if she does. For this reason, even if the Protocol were acceptable as it stood, we should think it well to leave it on one side, until the possibilities of the German offer had been thoroughly explored.—Ed., THE NATION.]

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM.

SIR,—Many Liberals must have read with amazement and dissatisfaction your observation on the proposed reform of the House of Lords, "that the present arrangement is really most satisfactory." That spokesmen of the Labour Party like Lord Haldane and the "New Statesman" should prefer to retain the present system and oppose reform is not unnatural. A great deal of Socialist thought is directed to proving that they are intellectually superior to the Liberals and that the old political questions which agitate Liberals are of little interest to their refined intelligences. One may, however, be inclined to ask whether Lord Haldane has entirely abandoned his suggestion made in an interview in the "Review of Reviews" last summer, in which he proposed that an Upper Chamber should be appointed at the beginning of each Parliament by the Government in power. That suggestion is on a par with the view that no change is necessary. Both are dangerous, because it is not safe to have too great a disparity between the theory and practice of our constitution. Lord Haldane's proposal for a nominated Upper Chamber depends upon the belief that a Ministry will never yield to the temptation to make appointments unfair to their opponents. The advocates of no change are making the rash assumption that the Tory Peers will never lose their heads and veto a vital measure.

For it is too readily forgotten how dangerously powerful and irresponsible the House of Lords is left by the Parliament Act. The Conservatives are apprehensive lest some far-reaching reform is passed by means of the Parliament Act; the Liberals ought to be afraid lest some great reform is defeated by the Parliament Act. Those who believe in no change must first of all prove that the Lords will never use their suspensory veto under the Act. If they do use the veto, then the Act must pass through the Commons twice more, thereby causing a criminal waste of Parliamentary time. It may cause more, the Bill may never get through, because the Government will not be able to give it time enough or because a General Election may intervene and deprive the Government of its majority on other grounds than the Bill in question. There is only a certain amount of what may be termed radical reforming energy in the country. Sometimes it is in opposition; sometimes it is harnessed to the work of government. The Parliament

Act allows the House of Lords to render useless a great deal of the hardest efforts of reformers. It is not right to talk of an absolute and a suspensory veto, as though they were entirely different. Anyone who studies the problems of Parliamentary procedure, and above all the time factor in legislation and government, must know that a suspensory veto may in effect become an absolute veto. It will not only postpone, it will forbid.

The first few years of the Parliament Act show how the delay which it causes can alter the whole face of politics. The Home Rule Bill was held up until the outbreak of the war. Then it had to be postponed, thereby allowing the national movement in Ireland to become militant and Carson and his followers to reassume the semblance of invincible loyalty. While the Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills were going through the Commons three times over, the Liberal Party lost precious opportunities for social reform; it is the neglect to carry out the reforms to which they were then pledged, which is so unfairly but so injuriously charged against them by the Socialists. Then the Liberal Party could not do otherwise than they did. But they need not now go back on the grave and solemn pledge given in the preamble of the Parliament Act, which you evidently classify as one of Lord Oxford's "past utterances."

It may indeed be urged that reform of the Upper Chamber is not desirable when that is to be carried out by a Conservative Government. Certainly there is almost sure to be much in their scheme to which Liberals will object, but that hardly justifies us in opposing the principle of reforming the Lords, when we have so plainly covenanted to do so, and only lacked the opportunity of being in office. The fact that the Conservatives have this opportunity for reforming the Lords is one of the many disasters which Mr. MacDonald inflicted upon the country when he placed the Conservatives in office for five or ten years. The Labour Party, as patient in opposition as they were impatient in office, may be content to await in a state of apocalyptic mysticism their second advent, but the Liberals believe in reform of the machinery of government wherever it is weak and anomalous. As the Parliament Act is inadequate, even in the opinion of its authors, surely we must co-operate as best we can in reforming it.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. MCCALLUM.

Claremont, Paisley.

March 29th, 1925.

[Mr. McCallum appears to be concerned to *diminish* the powers of the House of Lords rather than to alter its composition, just as the real object of the Tory Peers who advocate "reform" is obviously to *increase* the powers of their House. We should support a further diminution of its powers, but that is not in the picture in the present Parliament, nor is there any point in raising this issue until the Lords show a disposition to act in the spirit of 1906-11. It may be that Mr. McCallum vainly hopes to make the Second Chamber less obstructive to reforms by changing its composition, but, unless its constitution is made identical with that of the House of Commons, it will inevitably remain a predominantly conservative body, and will become more "dangerous" if it is given a more rational constitution. We regard the present arrangement as satisfactory because we believe that only an anomalous body can discharge the useful functions of a Second Chamber, without impairing unduly the authority of the House of Commons.—Ed., NATION.]

BIRTH-CONTROL.

SIR,—May I be permitted to comment on the interesting and, I am sure, sincere letter from "A Woman"?

Many unfortunates pushed aside the guardians in Maeterlinck's charming fancy, and, forcing their way to birth, found themselves in West Ham. The reception which awaited them was discouraging. In most cases the parents could not "hide behind the door," as suggested in the Birmingham accoucheur's lament, because the crowd in the room made any privacy whatever a wild and eerie dream. These are the conditions to-day:—

1 family of	11 persons living in 1 room.
1 family of	9 persons living in 1 room.
1 family of	8 persons living in 1 room.

9 families of 7 persons living in 1 room.
30 families of 6 persons living in 1 room.
99 families of 5 persons living in 1 room.

"Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea; better than both did I esteem him which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun."

I am puzzled to know why birth-control should lead to murder. The present ignorance results in abominable and dangerous abortions and in much infanticide, as well as ill-health for unhappy mothers, and premature death for unwanted offspring. Even the production here and there of an outstanding superman, such as one of our Labour leaders, may be bought at too high a price.—Yours, &c.,

C. W.

SIR,—As another woman—and a mother at that—I should like to answer a few points in "A Woman's" letter on Birth-Control.

She believes that those who prevent life, however unwelcome, will ultimately go on to the taking of life. Does she realize that among her poorer fellow-citizens the alternative to birth-control is abortion, the killing of an unborn child, occasionally followed by the death, in great pain, of the mother? Or else the child may be born into such evil conditions that its death within a few months or years is more than probable.

She also distinguishes between "so-called" and "real" birth-control, and approves of the latter. It is not quite clear what this is, but it probably consists in the man's abstinence from intercourse—with his wife, at least. This may or may not be a good thing in a decent home with separate beds, and money enough to pay for other and perhaps more intellectual pleasures. It is almost impossible to ordinary folk under present working-class conditions.

I think, also, that "A Woman" feels that people who practise birth-control are necessarily more selfish and less full of the moral virtues. It is surely more courageous to face life and start a child willingly, knowing what pain and hard work it means, than to let things happen to one like an animal or a savage—surely this is civilization? And the child thus born will be all the stronger for not coming immediately after its elder brother, and the parents will be all the happier and kinder and more normal for having been able to make the most of their love in the interval.—Yours, &c.,

NAOMI MITCHISON.

Hammersmith Mall, W.6.
March 31st, 1925.

"CANCER AND THE DEVIL"

SIR,—The review of my book on "Cancer and Remedial Diet" in your issue of March 21st calls for a little comment. The case bears out what I have often stated, namely, that in working for liberation from cancer one is up against the devil.

Was it not Goethe who wrote concerning the darker aspects of the medical profession:

"With our infernal mixture, thus, ere long,
These hills and peaceful vales among,
We rag'd more fiercely than the pest;
Myself to thousands did the poison give,
They pin'd away, I yet must live
To hear the reckless murderers blest!"

By its contents and tenour, nay, by its very heading, the review proclaims that the situation is still much the same as it was in Goethe's days. Despite the self-confessed nescience of the profession with regard to cancer, there is little sign of humility, which should certainly be called for. There is aggression and insolence instead; and the truly appalling apathy of the thoughtless public, still largely addicted to the medicine bottle, tends to perpetuate the absolute thralldom they are under to the medicine-man, who can indulge his spleen in the most approved Junker fashion to punish a mere specimen of lay cannon (or lancet) fodder for venturing upon ground sacred to the profession and therefore "Verboten."

Great is the offence of giving light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Instead of telling the reader what my theory is, your critic devotes a whole column to fatuous denunciation, and then, having outrun his space, turns round on the author, telling him that his theory is not capable of "coherent" statement. But his whole object evidently was *not* to state but to suppress, and to misrepresent. If your readers will turn to the "Spectator," February 14th, they will find that a coherent idea of my theory can very well be given, if at all intended. Very condescendingly your reviewer admits being "very far" from saying that I have not given "much thought" to my main thesis. I wonder whether, on second thought, he could have the further good grace to admit that he has in effect been benefited by the reading of my book? How "very far" is he, honestly, from declaring that mine is not a good book? With all due deference to him, others, "very far" higher in the medical hierarchy than he is, have written me (spontaneously) expressing approval and acknowledging benefit.

In company with the butchers, your reviewer has little relish for Vegetarianism. But, sir, in matters of science (and medicine is going to be a science) the belly is a bad adviser, and, whether your reviewer approves of it or not (little have the thoughtful recked medical opinion these 77 years), the practice of Vegetarianism is making rapid headway. I am certain that this is one of the most promising movements of modern times. The advance of Vegetarianism will result in emancipation from cancer, and incidentally it will end our present disgraceful dependence on and subjugation to the medical profession. For the first time in their history Britishers will be really justified in proudly boasting that they will under no circumstances be slaves.

I am not entirely without sympathy for butchers, doctors, and researchers. They are mostly honourable men, and in as far as the public requires their services it is only fair that they should be adequately remunerated. It is, however, my deliberate opinion, based on considerable experience, that what can be gleaned outside the schools with regard to health and disease is infinitely more valuable than what can be learnt within. Dr. Fraser Harris is, no doubt, sincere in believing that the lay cannon fodder, with its limited intelligence of a mere subject class, exists merely for the supplementing of the august work performed by physicians and surgeons, by due submission to their authority and by paying the fees and contributions requisite to the maintenance of what is to-day the most powerful profession in the world. I am equally sincere in my view that the rôle of research should be to further and to supplement the excellent body of knowledge anent the prevention of disease already in existence outside the colleges (who have no monopoly of knowledge, as your reviewer would seem to think), which would render at least one half of present "research" superfluous, since it would introduce common sense instead.—Yours, &c.,

H. REINHEIMER.

103, King Charles Road, Surbiton.

MARY BERRY.

SIR,—I have read with deep interest Mr. Strachey's essay on the Berry sisters, whom I vividly remember. They were very dear friends of my mother, Mrs. Damer, and I recall them in their house in Curzon Street, and how delightful they looked in their baby caps with pink ribbons. They laughingly said they had a right to wear pink now they had returned to their second childhood.

In the summer Lord Lansdowne would lend them his villa at Richmond, and I remember a charming old lady, Lucy Lady Scott, used to stay with them: she wrote a touching novel, "Trevelyan."

It is of Mary Berry that Thackeray wrote in the "Four Georges": "A very few years since I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Doctor Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old Society of wits and men of the world."—Yours, &c.,

CONSTANCE LESLIE.

53, Upper Brook Street, W.1.

THE COUNTRY

By ALDOUS HUXLEY.

IT is a curious fact, of which I can think of no satisfactory explanation, that enthusiasm for country life and love of natural scenery are strongest and most widely diffused precisely in those European countries which have the worst climate and where the search for the picturesque involves the greatest discomfort. Nature worship increases in an exact ratio with distance from the Mediterranean. The Italians and the Spanish have next to no interest in nature for its own sake. The French feel a certain affection for the country, but not enough to make them desire to live in it if they can possibly inhabit the town. The South Germans and Swiss form an apparent exception to the rule. They live nearer to the Mediterranean than the Parisians, and yet they are fonder of the country. But the exception, as I have said, is only apparent; for owing to their remoteness from the ocean and the mountainous conformation of the land, these people enjoy for a large part of each year a climate that is to all intents arctic. In England, where the climate is detestable, we love the country so much that we are prepared, for the privilege of living in it, to get up at seven, summer and winter, bicycle, wet or fine, to a distant station, and make an hour's journey to our place of labour. In our spare moments we go for walking tours, and we regard caravanning as a pleasure. In Holland the climate is far more unpleasant than in England, and we should consequently expect the Dutch to be even keener country-fanciers than ourselves. The ubiquitous water makes it difficult, however, for season-ticket holders to settle down casually in the Dutch countryside. But if unsuitable as building land, the soggy meadows of the Low Countries are firm enough to carry tents. Unable to live permanently in the country, the Dutch are the greatest campers in the world. Poor Uncle Toby, when he was campaigning in those parts, found the damp so penetrating that he was compelled to burn good brandy in his tent to dry the air. But then my Uncle Toby was a mere Englishman, brought up in a climate which, compared with that of Holland, is balmy. The hardier Dutch camp out for pleasure. Of Northern Germany it is enough to say that it is the home of the Wander Birds. And as for Scandinavia—it is well known that there is no part of the world, excluding the tropics, where people so freely divest themselves of their clothing. The Swedish passion for nature is so strong that it can only be adequately expressed when in a state of nature. "As souls unbodied," says Donne, "bodies unclothed must be to taste whole joys." Noble, nude, and far more modern than any other people in Europe, they sport in the icy waters of the Baltic, they roam naked in the primeval forest. The cautious Italian, meanwhile, bathes in his tepid sea during only two months out of the twelve; always wears a vest under his shirt, and never leaves the town, if he can possibly help it, except when the summer is at its most hellish, and again, for a little while, in the autumn, to superintend the making of his wine.

Strange and inexplicable state of affairs! Is it that the dwellers under inclement skies are trying to bluff themselves into a belief that they inhabit Eden? Do they deliberately love nature in the hope of persuading themselves that she is as beautiful in the damp and darkness as in the sunlight? Do they brave the discomforts of Northern country life in order to be able to

say to those who live in more favoured lands: "You see, our countryside is just as delightful as yours; and the proof is that we live in it!"

But whatever the reason, the fact remains that nature worship does increase with distance from the sun. To search for causes is hopeless; but it is easy and at the same time not uninteresting to catalogue effects. Thus, our Anglo-Saxon passion for the country has had the result of turning the country into one vast town, but a town without the urban conveniences which make tolerable life in a city. For we all love the country so much that we desire to live in it, if only during the night, when we are not at work. We build cottages, buy season-tickets, and bicycles to take us to the station. And meanwhile the country perishes. The Surrey I knew as a boy was full of wildernesses. To-day Hindhead is hardly distinguishable from the Elephant and Castle. Mr. Lloyd George has built a week-end cottage (not, one feels, without a certain appositeness) at the foot of the Devil's Jumps; and several thousand people are busily following his example. Every lane is now a street. Harrods and Selfridges call daily. There is no more country, at any rate within fifty miles of London. Our love has killed it.

Except in summer, when it is too hot to stay in town, the French, and still more the Italians, do not like the country. The result is that they still have country not to like. Solitude stretches almost to the gates of Paris. (And Paris, remember, still has gates; you drive up to them along country roads, enter and find yourself within a few minutes of the centre of the city.) The silence sleeps unbroken, except by the faint music of ghosts, within a mile of the Victor Emanuel monument at Rome.

In France, in Italy, none but countrymen live in the country. Agriculture there is taken seriously; farms are still farms and not week-end cottages; and the corn is still permitted to grow on what, in England, would be desirable building land.

In Italy, despite the fact that the educated Italians like the country still less than the French, there are fewer complete solitudes than in France, because there are more countrymen. And how few there are in France! A drive from the Belgian frontier to the Mediterranean puts life and meaning into those statistics from which we learn, academically and in theory, that France is under-populated. Long stretches of open road extend between town and town.

"Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

Even the villages are few and far between. And those innumerable farms which shine out from among the olive-trees on Italian hillsides—one looks in vain for their French counterpart. Driving through the fertile plains of central France, one can turn one's eyes over the fields and scarcely see a house. And then, what forests still grow on French soil! Huge tracts of uninhabited woodland, with not a week-end or a walking tourist to be seen within their shades.

This state of things is delightful to me personally; for I like the country, enjoy solitude, and take no interest in the political future of France. But to a French patriot I can imagine that a drive across his native land must seem depressing. Huge populations, upon whose skulls the bump of philoprogenitiveness can be seen at a quarter of a mile, pullulate on the

further side of almost every frontier. Without haste, without rest, as though by a steadily continued miracle, the Germans and the Italians multiply themselves, like loaves and fishes. Every three years a million brand-new Teutons peer across the Rhine, a million Italians are wondering where they are going to find room, in their narrow country, to live. And there are no more Frenchmen. Twenty years hence, what will happen? The French Government offers prizes to those who produce large families. In vain; everybody knows all about birth control, and even in the least educated classes there are no prejudices and a great deal of thrift. Hordes of blackamoors are drilled and armed; but blackamoors can be but a poor defence, in the long run, against European philoprogenitiveness. Sooner or later, this half-empty land will be colonized. It may be done peacefully, it may be done with violence; let us hope peacefully, and with the consent and at the invitation of the French themselves. Already the French import, temporarily, I forget how many foreign labourers every year. In time, no doubt, the foreigners will begin to settle: the Italians in the south, the Germans in the east, the Belgians in the north, perhaps even a few English in the west.

Frenchmen may not like the plan; but until all nations agree to practise birth control to exactly the same extent, it is the best that can be devised.

The Portuguese, who, in the later sixteenth and seventeenth century, suffered acutely from underpopulation (half the able-bodied men had emigrated to the colonies, where they died in war or of tropical diseases, while those who stayed at home were periodically decimated by famine—for the colonies produced only gold, no bread), solved their problem by importing negro slaves to work the deserted fields. The negroes settled. They intermarried with the inhabitants. In two or three generations the race which had conquered half the world was extinct, and Portugal, with the exception of a small area in the north, was inhabited by a hybrid race of Eur-Africans. The French may think themselves lucky if, avoiding war, they can fill their depleted country with civilized white men.

Meanwhile, the emptiness of France is a delight to all lovers of nature and solitude. But even in Italy, where farms and peasants and peasants' children are thick on the land, the lover of the country feels much happier than he does in what may actually be more sparsely inhabited districts of the Home Counties. For farms and peasants are country products, as truly native to the land as trees or growing corn, and as inoffensive. It is the urban interloper who ruins the English country. Neither he nor his house belongs to it. In Italy, on the other hand, when the rare trespasser from the town does venture into the country, he finds it genuinely rustic. The country is densely populated, but it is still the country. It has not been killed by the deadly kindness of those who, like myself, are nature's townsmen.

The time is not far distant, I am afraid, when every countryside in Europe, even the Spanish, will be invaded by nature lovers from the towns. It is not so long ago, after all, since Evelyn was horrified and disgusted by the spectacle of the rocks at Clifton. Till the end of the eighteenth century every sensible man, even in England, even in Sweden, feared and detested mountains. The modern enthusiasm for wild nature is a recent growth and began—along with kindness to animals, industrialism, and railway travelling—among the English. (It is, perhaps, not surprising that the people which first made their cities uninhabitable with dirt, noise, and smoke should also have been the first to love nature.)

From this island country sentiment has spread with machinery. All the world welcomed machinery with delight; but country sentiment has so far flourished only in the North. Still, there are evident signs that even the Latins are becoming infected by it. In France and Italy wild nature has become—though to a far less extent than in England—the object of *snobisme*. It is rather *chic*, in those countries, to be fond of nature. In a few years, I repeat, everybody will adore it as a matter of course. For even in the North those who do not in the least like the country are made to imagine that they do by the artful and never-ceasing suggestions of the people whose interest it is that the country should be liked. No modern man, even if he loathed the country, could resist the appeal of the innumerable advertisements, published by railways, motor-car manufacturers, thermos-flask makers, sporting tailors, house agents, and all the rest whose livelihood depends on his frequently visiting the country. Now the art of advertising in the Latin countries is still poorly developed. But it is improving even there. The march of progress is irresistible. Fiat and the State Railways have only to hire American advertising managers to turn the Italians into a race of week-enders and season-ticket holders. Already there is a "Città-Giardino" on the outskirts of Rome; Ostia is being developed as a residential seaside suburb; the recently opened motor road has placed the Lakes at the mercy of Milan. My grandchildren, I foresee, will have to take their holidays in Central Asia.

SCIENCE

FOSSIL MEN AND APES.

IT is a very remarkable fact that more than fifty years ago when Charles Darwin's book "The Descent of Man" was published the sort of evidence in corroboration of his views that almost unconsciously springs into one's mind in these days was unknown. It is true that the Neanderthal skull was discovered six years before the book was written, and the Gibraltar skull earlier still: but these fossils had not then been assigned a place as witnesses for Darwin's claims in any way commensurate with their importance.

Darwin was an eminently honest man who invariably called attention to what might be regarded as weak links or deficiencies in his chain of proof. Hence he made the following comment with reference to man's "affinities and genealogy": "The great break in the organic chain between man and his nearest allies, which cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species, has often been advanced as a grave objection to the belief that man is descended from some lower form; but this objection will not appear of much weight to those who, from general reasons, believe in the general principle of evolution."

This was written at a time when the Neanderthal and Gibraltar skulls were known but their significance not fully appreciated. Moreover, the fragmentary remains of a fossilized anthropoid ape, *Dryopithecus*, almost as big as a man, had been recovered from beds of Miocene age in France. But in the succeeding half-century the remains of so many extinct members of the human family, the Ape-Man of Java (*Pithecanthropus*), Heidelberg man, Piltdown man, and Rhodesian man, as well as fossilized fragments of men of our own species in Europe, Africa, Java, Australia, and America, have been found that Darwin's "great break in the organic

chain" has been materially reduced in extent. But if the antiquity of the human family has been pushed back to the close of the Pliocene period, and the discovery of the Nebraska tooth raises the possibility that its extent may possibly be doubled—pushed back to the beginning of the Pliocene—the "great break" has also been in part closed up on the simian side by the discovery of important, if very fragmentary, remains of the extinct anthropoid apes. Darwin's happy conjecture that the anthropoid apes may have diverged from the tailed monkeys of the Old World "at an epoch as remote as the Eocene period" was proved to be well founded by the discovery in 1911 of a diminutive anthropoid ape in the Early Oligocene beds of the Egyptian Fayum. The same year revealed the presence, in the Middle Miocene beds of the Sivalik Hills in India, of a number of giant anthropoids that include ancestral forms of the existing apes, as well as several extinct genera, some of which seem to reveal a closer kinship to man and may possibly be forms directly ancestral to the human family. In "The Descent of Man" Charles Darwin wrote: "It is probable that Africa was formerly inhabited by extinct apes closely allied to the gorilla and chimpanzee; and as these two species are now man's nearest allies, it is somewhat more probable that our early progenitors lived on the African continent than elsewhere." At a moment when Professor Raymond Dart's discovery of the Taungs skull in Bechuanaland has just been announced it is interesting to recall Darwin's exact words in 1871 that I have just quoted. For whatever differences there may be in interpreting the precise significance of Dr. Dart's discovery, no one can dispute the fact that he has found "an extinct ape closely allied to the gorilla and the chimpanzee," as Darwin predicted. Moreover, the sum of its characters suggests a nearer affinity to the human family than any of the other apes can claim: hence it does seem to add to the force of Darwin's hint that Africa may have been the birthplace of man.

It is right to call attention to Darwin's observation on his own suggestion: "It is useless to speculate on this subject." If the anthropoid apes most nearly akin to man live in Africa, the only fossil apes known at the time when he was writing were the Miocene *Dryopithecus* and *Pliopithecus* of Europe. But since then the discovery of other fossil remains of apes and men has put the whole matter in a clearer perspective.

Speculation upon the location of the cradle of mankind is still a hazardous occupation, but is not wholly useless. Discussion of such matters helps to define the real issues and to weigh the balance of probabilities, which still, as in Darwin's time, favour Africa as the original home.

The interpretation of the precise value of the large series of fossil remains of extinct men and apes that have now been recovered calls for exact and careful anatomical study and a high degree of technical skill and judgment to read aright the obscure palimpsest which Nature has recorded in the structure of these fragments of bone and teeth.

Yet it is a very remarkable fact that most of the recent books that have been written upon this highly technical subject have been the work of scientists, such as Professors Boule, Sollas, and Osborn, for example, whose training has not been primarily anatomical, but geological. Hence a treatise upon fossil men* by Sir Arthur Keith has a special interest in being almost the only book upon the subject, which is essentially the study of human

structure, that has been written by a man who has had the essential technical training for dealing with a task of such a nature.

While in the titles of their respective books the geologists insist upon the fact that they are dealing with man himself, with strange perversity the anatomist, who is really competent to deal with that particular issue, barter his right for the wholly inappropriate geological label "the antiquity of man." For anatomical studies do not provide the data for the estimation of the duration of the human family. That is essentially a geological question.

The original version of this book made its appearance ten years ago under peculiar circumstances that determined its scope and manner. In 1913 its author provoked a public controversy on the subject of the mode of reconstruction of the Piltdown skull, with results that must have been very different from what he had anticipated. For in 1914 this book was compiled to cover his retreat from an impossible position.

During the past decade this not very creditable episode has been allowed to lapse into oblivion. Hence it reveals a singular lack of tact on Sir Arthur Keith's part to reprint his story, which, even if it were true, damages him more than those whom he attacks, and, I may add, misrepresents.

This is surely a case in which the courtesies of polite controversy would have contributed more to the author's reputation than the repetition of this provocative challenge of 1914 with the addition of further inaccuracies.

The preparation of a new edition offered Sir Arthur the chance of transforming his book into a treatise one might have put into the hands of students as a reliable guide written by a competent master. It is a pity he has failed to seize so great an opportunity!

G. ELLIOT SMITH.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

THE Maddermarket Theatre revival of "The Tempest" was one of the most beautiful and successful productions Mr. Monck has given us. Witnessing "The Tempest" is generally among the most exasperating of human experiences. The play is among the most perfect works of art which the human spirit has conceived: yet on the stage it is nearly always insufferable. Prospero becomes a bore, Miranda a simpering ninny, Ferdinand a simpering ninny, and Ariel an imbecile coquette. All these pitfalls were avoided at Norwich, Prospero especially getting better and better as the play proceeded. Caliban was admirably unromanticized, and the purely comic characters marvellously droll. Mr. Monck used, as ever, an Elizabethan stage for his performance, but adapted it in a new way, so as to avoid the reproach of "archæology." The *décor* was, in fact, enchanting. The next production will be "Macbeth," which is promised for the beginning of June.

Mr. Pinero's "Iris," which Miss Gladys Cooper produces at the Adelphi, has a *pot-pourri* flavour. It takes us back into the naïve 'nineties before Mr. Shaw played the devil with the theatre. The only real charge against "Iris" is that it appears to be totally devoid of point. We are unable to take seriously either Iris, the rich woman who cannot do without money, or her penniless young lover, who makes good in the Colonies, or the Spanish millionaire who purchases her body. Yet it would be absurd to say that such people and such situations do not exist in real life. It is only that Mr. Pinero cannot, with the limited literary powers at his

*"The Antiquity of Man." New and Enlarged Edition, completely revised and reset. Two vols. (Williams & Norgate. 25s.)

disposal, make his characters live. Mr. Henry Ainley acted extremely well as the Spanish millionaire, and it was not his fault if several "heartless young things" giggled loudly during his most passionate tirades. It is absurd to produce such a play as "Iris" in modern clothes, which only accentuate its antiquity. As a costume play its merits as "history" would be considerable.

There is one thing to be said about "Persevering Pat," the new comedy which the Irish Players have brought over to the Little Theatre—it is not sentimental, whatever else it may be. All the people in the play are after someone else's money, and there is only time for the merest suggestion of love-making in consequence. Every now and again the stage gets crowded with angry old men, who roar at each other and thump the table, each trying to induce a soft-hearted half-wit, with six hundred pounds in the bank, to become his rich son-in-law. The daughters seem willing enough, although one has a weakness for a pleasant-spoken young postman, who has only 17s. 6d. a week to offer her, and the other has no mind at all, but will do whatever her father tells her to. But even though the play was a little disappointing, the acting—and this usually happens when it is a question of the Irish Players—was so excellent that one came away from the theatre, at the end of the play, determined not to miss anything else they may do during their season.

The Modern English Water-Colour Society is at present holding its annual exhibition at the St. George's Gallery, Hanover Square. There is some interesting work to be seen here, notably, among the members of the Society, that of Mr. Paul Nash and Mr. John Nash, and of Mr. Wadsworth. The last shows two very delicate, careful (one of them, indeed, too laboured) drawings of streets in Marseilles and Avignon: Mr. Paul Nash's "Banks of the Seine" and "Sketch of the Seine" are charming, well-balanced, and consistent, as is Mr. John Nash's "Polygon, Clifton." Mr. Maresco Pearce shows four flower studies, all of them practically the same in design. Mr. Robert Bevan, too, is monotonous and rather dull, and one feels of Mr. Ginner's cramped technique that water-colour is its wrong medium. Among the exhibiting non-members, Mr. Richard Wyndham is interesting but dangerously facile; Mr. Wyndham Tryon shows three competent, carefully observed landscapes. Mr. Duncan Grant's three pictures, owing perhaps partly to their being painted in a different manner from anything else in the room, but mainly to their remarkable freedom and vitality and extraordinary richness of colour, attract and retain the eye and the attention.

It is much to be hoped that the excellent example set by Messrs. Williams Deacon's Bank, who handed over to an artist the task of collecting pictures to adorn their new premises in Pall Mall, may be followed by other institutions. In this case etchings were chosen, but there is no reason why such a project should not be extended also to other branches of art. The effect on the public at seeing its most respected temples thus invaded could only be excellent, and the benefit to artists would be considerable.

In the "Times" of March 23rd there is a terrible story of outrages by brigands in China. The tale is narrated by a missionary, who points out that Christians were spared, and he attributes Christian immunity to the favour of God. Here is the passage:—

"The most remarkable and the outstanding fact in this dreary story of murder and rape and wanton destruction is the way the Christians have been spared serious suffering and death, while their heathen neighbours have experienced the tortures of hell. During all these weeks of robber outrages on a large section of our field, there is no record of a single Christian being killed or seriously injured. This is most remarkable and a

clear testimony to the power of prayer and intercession and the keeping grace of God."

What kind of impression of the God revealed by Christianity is an intelligent Chinaman to derive from this narrative? A deity apparently who keeps a somewhat negligent watch over brigands, but who partially checks them in response to prayer and intercession. It is written that "He has made of one blood all the nations," and persons who drew interesting morals from the fall of a tower were sternly rebuked. Is this view of Christianity worthy of either the first or the twentieth century? How can an enlightened paper like the "Times" print it without some corrective?

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 4th. Moiseiwitsch, Chopin Recital, at 3, at Queen's Hall.

Lamond, Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.

Sunday, April 5th. "The Colonnade," by Stark Young (Stage Society).

Monday, April 6th. Sterling MacKinlay, M.A., F.Z.S., a lecture on "Emotion and Expression in Man and Animals," at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.

Tuesday, April 7th. Oriana Madrigal Society, Concert, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Good Friday, April 10th. "The Messiah," by the Royal Choral Society, at 2.30, at the Albert Hall.

OMICRON.

A BALLAD OF TILLY KETTLE.

His name was Tilly Kettle,
A painter of Joshua Reynolds' school;
It was he consolidated Plassey,
It was he consolidated Plassey,
And enlarged the English Rule.

He despised the Mughal painters,
Their work, he avowed, was incorrect.
Thus he consolidated Plassey,
Thus he consolidated Plassey,
And won Lord Clive's respect.

He painted Rajahs and Begums,
He asked and obtained a huge commission,
When he consolidated Plassey,
When he consolidated Plassey,
And killed a great tradition.

Full-length Rajahs in their robes,
He measured them both with rule and eye,
As he consolidated Plassey,
As he consolidated Plassey,
And worked his palette dry.

"Hand on hip," said Tilly Kettle,
"And drapery in the Italian style,
For you learned a lesson at Plassey,
For you learned a lesson at Plassey,
Must last you a little while."

He was not a Reynolds or a Gainsborough,
His art, he confessed, was of baser metal,
But he consolidated Plassey,
But he consolidated Plassey,
And his name was Tilly Kettle.

The conclusion of this ballad
Indian wit, not mine, should settle,
But the moral, if any, of Plassey,
But the moral, if any, of Plassey,
Is the moral of Tilly Kettle.

ROBERT GRAVES.

REVIEWS

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT FROM A SWEDISH POINT OF VIEW.

The Anglican Revival: Studies in the Oxford Movement.
By the Rev. YNGVE BRILIOTH, D.Phil. (Longmans. 16s.)

THIS is an exceedingly interesting book, well written in English, the production of the Lecturer in Church History in the University of Upsala. It is perhaps a little amazing to discover a Swede—a Protestant, and, we presume, a Lutheran divine—so ingenuously interested in all the details of what Dean Inge has called "that strange episode in English University life," the Tractarian Movement.

About Dr. Brilioth's interest there can be no question. It is true that he disclaims, with a modesty that evidently genuinely belongs to him, any desire to come into rivalry with what he calls the "classic description" of the movement, by Dean Church; but none the less, he is so fascinated by his theme that in almost every one of his pages the present reviewer finds himself once again, after the lapse of those years that do not always bring "the philosophic mind," in the company of the Fellows of Oriel who lived nearly a hundred years ago. Quotations, once familiar, stare one in the face, and descriptions of the appearance and mannerisms of the *personæ* of this drama are found to have lost but little of their strange, yet inexplicable, charm. Hardly anybody or anything seems to have been omitted. A twice-told tale is retold. The *genius loci* pervades the story, and distant Upsala is fain to acknowledge that "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages" may still be heard, if you listen very hard, whispering from the towers of Oxford.

But let it not be supposed that our learned lecturer in Church History has allowed his pleasant and friendly enthusiasm (kindled by much hospitality) to dim his historical and comparative senses, or to lead him to endow the partially educated heroes of his drama with any remarkable insight into those mysteries of the Middle Ages so sedulously "whispered" into their ears. Dr. Brilioth is quite frank as to the ignorance of most of these young clerics about things they might be supposed to have learnt at their University.

The Oxford Movement, like so many other movements in England, owed its immediate origin to politics. The younger dons, or a handful of them, suddenly discovered that the Church to which not only they, but their University, exclusively belonged, was dangerously weak, and divided and wholly misunderstood. Nobody, either in high places or in low, seemed to them to care a rap about it. The great masses of their countrymen appeared ignorant, and what was worse, indifferent—and yet the Church of Archbishop Laud, Bull, and Beveridge was being rudely assailed and insulted, threatened and robbed, by an enemy known to those Oxonians under the name of *Liberalism*. To whom could they look for assistance? Could even the "Six Heads," fuddled with old port maturer than their opinions, be trusted in a crisis?

The Oxford Movement thus began somewhat unworthily in a fit of political "funk." Keble's Assize Sermon on National Apostasy (the anniversary of which was always kept by Newman), preached in July, 1833, was inspired by the horror of suppressing two out of four Protestant Archbishoprics and eight out of eighteen bishops' sees in Catholic Ireland! What a beginning for a religious revival! The undoubtedly "low" condition of the Church of England in 1833 was, amongst other reasons, attributable to the fact that the well-advertised and well-supported activities, *within the Church*, of the Evangelical Movement had well-nigh "unchurched" it. Take the case of Dr. Newman himself. When he took orders in 1823, he was an Evangelical, with Calvinistic tendencies which he continued to display to the very end of his long life. He placed no emphasis upon his priestly character, knew but little of the Grace of Baptism, and had heard practically nothing about Apostolical Succession for nearly ten years after his ordination.

But if the reader turns to Dr. Brilioth's second chapter,

entitled "The High Church Tradition," he will soon see, if he was not already aware of it, that the Evangelical Party had not completely, or indeed at all, captured the Church of England. "Church principles" were not rediscovered by the Tractarians. Laud and Charles the Martyr were venerated all through the eighteenth century; and had it not been that the change of dynasty at the Whig revolution of 1688 necessarily involved a schism which robbed or purged the Church of England of the Non-Jurors, the Tractarian Movement might never have been wanted, for the Tractarians were the Non-Jurors over again, though with their Jacobitism suppressed.

Then, again, Dr. Brilioth has done well in reminding an ignorant age of those four admirable volumes bearing the somewhat mouldy title of "Knox's Remains," first garnered together in 1837, but separately published or composed and circulated half a century or so earlier. Now, it is not too much to say, indeed it is hardly anything to say, that "Knox's Remains" are far more readable to-day than the "Tracts for the Times," and contain most that still remains vital in those superseded treatises. Other earlier books, independent of the Tractarian Movement, are the thirty years' correspondence between Bishop Jebb and the above-mentioned Alexander Knox (2 vols., 1834) and Charles Forster's life of Bishop Jebb (in 2 vols., 1837). These eight volumes had a considerable circulation, and are still to be found in old High Church homes, deeply scored in their margins by the pencils of previous owners. Lovers of George Eliot will not object to be reminded how in "Amos Barton" that pleasant parson Mr. Ely, after sinking back into his easy chair, bent on enjoying his bachelor-self, took up "Bishop Jebb's Memoirs."

As our author shrewdly observes, those of the Tractarians who had been bred up Evangelically were those who found it easiest to make the journey to Rome, whilst those who had been reared on "Church Principles" by Knox and Jebb, as, for example, Keble, saw no reason why they should shift their lodgings.

Keble, like Ken, was a stout-hearted Englishman, who, when told that the "Gorham Case," or some other bit of legality, had destroyed the Church of England, replied composedly that so long as he lived the Church referred to would always be found in his parish. Newman never quite forgave Keble for not accompanying him to Rome, and his review (June, 1846) of the latter's "Lyra Innocentium" is not agreeable reading (see "Newman's Essays, Chiefly Historical," vol. 2, p. 421).

We must pass over without remark the Swedish doctor's lively sketches of Whately, Hawkins, Keble, Arnold, and others who, on one side or the other, played their parts in the drama or episode of Oxford University life, and at once ask the question, How does our author handle the central figure, the "basic personality" of the author of "Lead, Kindly Light"?

We cannot say that in our judgment Dr. Brilioth has succeeded in making a satisfactory analysis of this puzzling man, who was more of a poet than a philosopher, a great rhetorician rather than a theologian. If we seek such an analysis we must reopen the "Outspoken Essays" of the present Dean of St. Paul's (see pp. 172 to 204).

Dr. Brilioth is in no sense a disciple of Newman. He would seem to prefer Keble and Pusey. His admiration for the poetry of the "Christian Year," first published in 1827, is pardonable in a foreigner, yet that admiration should not have blinded him to the fact that whilst Newman may fairly be called a poet, Keble was only a versifier. To enjoy Keble's poetry you must share his opinions.

But, indeed, between these two men, our author and J. H. N., there is a gulf that never can be bridged. Dr. Brilioth is for a "comprehensive" Church. He pants after reunion, and concludes his book with the following words:—

"Are the rich and noble forces contained in neo-Anglicanism to remain shut up in the prison-house of static Catholicity, or are they to be set free to grasp the deep and real Catholicity, which is not limited by any conciliar ordinances, but includes in the mystical body of Christ all genuine Christian life which is born and nurtured by contact with the living spirit of the Master?"

We have but to read Newman's Sermons, not in selections, but in the whole series, both before 1846 and after that date, to surmise how fierce, almost how savage, would have been his answer to this question, unless indeed he

had chosen to reply to it sarcastically. It was just this very spirit of easy-going comprehension that led him, in what our author calls "an unlucky moment of exasperation," to ask, "Is Arnold a Christian?"

A "comprehensive" Church that left "Eternal Punishment" and "Hell-Fire" out of its "programme" could never have been tolerated for a single moment by either Newman or Pusey, whose references to these painful Augustinian dogmas are enough to stagger our present-day humanity.

We congratulate the University of Upsala upon its Lecturer in Church History.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Q AND THE VICTORIANS.

Charles Dickens and other Victorians. By Q. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)

THE survivors of the Victorians generally praise themselves and their age with wonderful facility. Whatever virtues were practised in that great epoch, spiritual modesty was not among them. The mood of the well-preserved survivor is that of eager self-gratulation and of jealous criticism of successors. We, of course, are vulgar, ignorant, and sensational. True, some half-million contrived to get killed, but that only provides a theme for the Victorian emulators of Pericles and (to mix the metaphor) a stick to beat the remainder—for obviously anyone who was worthy of Victorian commendation was careful to get himself killed so that nothing might dim the glory of the Victorians. We are, of course, all hooligans; but they are gentry. We gaze from a dreary landscape across a river of blood to their refined and genteel Elysium. Confronted with the task of reviewing a Victorian on Victorians, I feel as abashed, as incompetent, as crude as a friend of mine when he was jerked out of the line in a state of filth and mud to confront a spurred and shining Victorian general—"So you're an author, my man. And what do you auth? He, he, he!"

But that is neither here nor there, except that it may show the reader with what reverential awe I approach this book. Moreover, there is something human about Q, if it is only the merry sarcasm with which he flings his repeated "gentlemen" at his audience. There is no more genial, more friendly, expatiatory writer upon literature as observed from the latitude of Cambridge. I am inclined to insist upon latitude as a determining element in criticism. It happens that I read in Rome the "Cousin Phyllis" of Mrs. Gaskell which Q praises so extravagantly, and I thought it thin, puritanical, and sentimental. In the same latitude I read what he calls contemptuously "the Petrarchan love-business," and thought it beautiful and poignant:—

"Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo mesurando i passi tardi e lenti. . ."

Petrarchan love-business! Evidently, Cambridge is an island.

Nearly one-third of Q's book is given up to Dickens. I agree with almost everything Q says about Dickens, and I am sure Q is right to give him this prominence. But if Dickens is the glory of the Victorians, he is also their shame. In natural talents Dickens was a kind of lesser Shakespeare; the pressure of his age reduced him to a position far inferior. Imagine Dickens, with his exuberance, his sensibility, his earnestness, his immense creative ability, born in the society of the Renaissance—can we doubt that his virtues would have had immeasurably freer play, that his repulsive qualities would have been discouraged, perhaps eliminated? Men of genius are better served by a world of Cellinis than of Grundys. The world of Dickens is indeed a world of his creating, but almost everywhere you feel pressing upon him the influence of his age, and that influence is nearly always bad. Landor contrived to avoid these bad qualities, but he did it by ignoring the age into which he lived; and Landor was not a creator but an admirer of character. It is saddening to read Dickens. There was a man of genius who left enough to make his memory as nearly immortal as literature can achieve, but who might have done so much more. I shall not be so foolish as to lay all the faults of Dickens to the discredit of his time; but I feel very deeply that many of the things in his novels which offend us are due to the fact that he lived in an age which was innately inartistic. And though it will always be a glory to the Victorians that

Dickens was born among them, it is their shame that they made of him what they did.

The other authors discussed by Q are of less importance; or perhaps I should say that they appear so to me. I am too ignorant of Thackeray and Trollope to be able to discuss them, but I do not find that Q's panegyrics give me the least desire to read either of them. Nor can I admire as fully as he the passages of prose he quotes; I prefer the formality of Chesterfield, the cool artistry of Gibbon. The prose of Disraeli is admittedly execrable, but he is of great importance to us from the ideas he expounds, and to these Q does less than justice. As to Mrs. Gaskell, I am always willing to drop a briny tear with Miss Matty and to admit that there is something clever and delicate in this author's feminine talent. The lecture on the Victorian Background is a more convincing plea for the Victorians than their smug self-gratulations or noisy assertiveness; for, though their greed created conditions from which we recoil in horror, the best of them attacked those conditions and their causes with a devotion which has possibly saved their descendants from the summary execution of angry mobs.

The passage from Sainte-Beuve, referred to by R. L. Stevenson, which Q is unable to find, is in the "Causeries du Lundi" (Garnier's Edition), Volume XI., page 442.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Studies in the History of Political Philosophy. By C. E. VAUGHAN. Two vols. (Longmans. 42s.)

ANYONE who knows anything at all of political philosophy knows Vaughan's great edition of Rousseau's political writings. That was an edition upon which was lavished the care and grace which men like Munro and Bywater brought to the study of a classical text. But it was obvious, also, that Vaughan was philosopher not less than editor, that he was himself bursting with ideas, and that, with the immense knowledge he possessed, he could produce an original work of the first order. For many years he had been writing a history of political philosophy; he died before its completion. Thanks, however, to the pious affection of a group of friends, of whom, particularly, A. G. Little, A. C. Bradley, and H. B. Charlton must be named, we have, in these two noble volumes, a work that will be a permanent credit to English scholarship. It is not, indeed, a book for beginners, and it cannot be called easy reading. But no one who has sought to wrest their secret from Hobbes or Locke, from Burke or Hegel or Mazzini, can rise from its study without a mind enriched by that new knowledge which comes only from contact with a mind stored with wisdom made luminous by profound reflection. We have deep cause for gratitude.

It is important, first, to explain what the book is not. It is not, in the strict sense of the word, a history of political ideas; those who are most likely to profit by it are they who know their subject with some intimacy. It is rather a critical study of twelve great thinkers from the time of Hobbes, studied from the angle of an idealist of the school of T. H. Green, and with occasional, but not general, appreciation of the circumstances under which they wrote. It does justice to its subjects less by recognizing that all political philosophy is the autobiography of institutions than by seeking to extract from each his eternal significance. The method is both justifiable and arresting. But it means, first, that the reader must supply his own light and shade; and, second, that he must constantly recognize that each of the writers discussed is building upon foundations laboriously pieced together by hosts of lesser men. Vaughan, moreover, will usually give the unwary the impression that his subject is much more logical and much more timeless than in fact he is; that is the penalty of the method he uses. He lacks, moreover, insight into, and interest for, two sides of his subject that are of paramount importance—the personal and the economic. That leads him, on the one side, to miss the clues that, for example, Aubrey's "Brief Life" provides to the philosophy of Hobbes, or Burke's Correspondence before 1770 to his later writings; and, on the other, it makes him discuss socialism much more in the context of personal freedom and much less in the context of economic arrangements than is, I think, really justified.

The socialism which interests him, in a word, is the moral socialism of men like Mably and Morelly rather than the economic socialism of men like Saint-Simon and Marx. He has, too, an eye for moral rather than institutional detail. What interests him is rather the large general principles than their patient and cautious application in terms of structure. Yet even when all this has been said, I know no book comparable to this in suggestiveness since the historical sections of Green's "Political Obligation." It gives to Vaughan a place of importance in the history of English scholarship.

The best chapters in the book are those which deal with Spinoza, Burke, Vico, and Mazzini. In each case, it is clear, Vaughan felt a real personal affinity for his subject. The essay on Spinoza is a brilliant piece of analysis in which full justice is done to his divergence from Hobbes and his courage in stating the ultimate questions of political philosophy in a clear and challenging form. That on Vico is not only substantial and suggestive, but it is, for this country, genuine pioneer work; since, outside the late Principal Veitch's dull book, we have had no good treatment of the lonely Italian scholar to whom recognition is only now coming. The discussion on Burke is good, without being original and without, I think, realizing how profound is Burke's conservatism, how little more his liberalism is than the expression of a deep vein of compassionate emotion for which he never discovered intellectual justification. The chapter on Mazzini is a masterpiece. Mazzini, clearly, is nearest to Vaughan's own heart, and his faith in mankind, his eager patriotism, his reconciliation of individual personality with the needs of the community, re-echo in Vaughan's own heart and give to his style something of prophetic eloquence.

The remaining chapters, though always suggestive and well-informed, are not, I think, upon the level of those I have named. That on Hobbes, for example, hardly does justice to the immense sweep of his mind, to the relentlessness of his logic, or to the way in which the "Leviathan" and the "Behemoth" are, taken together, an essay on the significance of the time. That on Locke fails, it may be suggested, to realize how much he is the supreme expression of what may be called the Nonconformist tradition in English politics, the scepticism of state-action which is born of the experience of state-ignorance and state-oppression. That on Hume does not give sufficient weight to his cleansing influence—without him Burke would have been impossible—or to his perception that a satisfactory political philosophy must determine the economic implications of the state; here, for instance, a knowledge of Harrington's epoch-making work would have supplied Vaughan with clues he did not utilize. His discussion of Montesquieu is admirably sane and well-balanced; but a real grasp of Montesquieu depends upon a sense of institutions at work, as, for instance, in the famous theory of the separation of powers, which Vaughan, fairly clearly, did not possess. The chapters on the Germans are, perhaps, best described as essays in discipleship; they are the work of a pupil of Green and William Wallace, with his own way of putting things. They suffer somewhat, I think, from being written in the atmosphere of 1914; Fichte and Hegel are no more responsible for the war than Rousseau. But, all in all, no one can read these chapters without enlightenment; and, written as they are by one who was himself an idealist, they make one the more deeply regret the unfinished chapter on Jeremy Bentham.

The history of political philosophy has been badly neglected in this country; one can number on the fingers of one's hands those who have contributed seriously to its enrichment. That is why a book like Vaughan's is of the first importance. It may well be that a reading of it in English universities will attract a greater body of students to this field. Nowhere is there greater work to be done. To analyze the evolution of ideas is to discover how institutions were compounded; and that discovery is the main clue to the working of politics. Now that we have this book, there is no excuse for not making it an integral part of the teaching of history. It drives back the mind to the foundations of the state. It explains the permanent urgency of the basic political questions. A book that can do so much is not less than a public service.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS.

The Theology of Tertullian. By R. E. ROBERTS, D.D. (Epworth Press. 10s. 6d.)

Latin Christianity from Tertullian to Boethius. By PIERRE DE LABRIOLLE. (Kegan Paul. 25s.)

BOTH these books are scholarly and notable. The first is a thesis approved for the degree of D.D. in the University of London; the second, to which Cardinal Gasquet contributes a short preface, is a translation of the author's "Histoire de la Littérature Latine Chrétienne," and forms one of a series dealing with Social Evolution, the prospectus of which includes three volumes on the "Origins of Christianity," by M. Charles Guignebert, of the Sorbonne. Dr. Roberts somewhat idealizes Tertullian, who, he tells us, "has suffered more than most men from one-sided and unfair judgments." The reference is to Gibbon, in Cardinal Newman's opinion "the chief, perhaps the only, English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian," and whose discernment of character is seldom at fault. The zealous African was, indeed, one of the most interesting and important figures of his time; he was the creator of the terminology of Latin theology, and "in him the character and future of Latin Christianity were already announced." But to regard him as "one of the noblest characters and deepest thinkers of the Christian Church" is to see him out of perspective: he was essentially a rhetorician, and his rhetoric carried him away. As a theologian he is *sui generis*, and it is impossible to classify him. Without being orthodox, he has all the moral and intellectual faults of orthodoxy; the famous passage from "De Spectaculis," "How shall I admire! how laugh! how exult!" &c., is separated by an impassable gulf from the Gospel, and goes far to justify the charge of *incivisme* brought by the pagan world against the Church.

"His great aim was to bring about at all costs the triumph of his conception of faith and of life—a conception caustic, intemperate, violently hostile to nature; and he draws from his own paradoxes an indescribably savage joy which incites him to go still further along a deliberately narrow path in which the Church was destined to refuse to follow him."

If, however, he was exceptionally bitter, he was also exceptionally outspoken and consecutive. We find in him the theology of the later Church in the making—untrimmed, unlevelled, with rough edges and yawning gaps. Whatever Primitive Christianity was, it has been said, it was not Protestantism. True. But even less was it Catholicism. And no ecclesiastical writer has thrown as much light as Tertullian in the borderland period which lies between the sub-apostolic Church and the Church of the Fathers—Scaliger's "dark age."

M. de Labriolle's book is on larger lines than those of an academic thesis. Beginning with Tertullian, it carries the history of Latin Christian literature to the threshold of the Middle Ages. The influence of the Montanist doctor on the development of Catholic theology is illustrated by the reverence in which his writings were held by that typical ecclesiastic, St. Cyprian. But the disciple had the balance which the master lacked. Cyprian was a hierarch, wanting neither in vigour nor rigour. But

"his exalted faith in his mission, and his rigidity of principles, did not exclude a very skilful diplomacy in their application, because he had the advantage of that consolidated wisdom which gives a profound knowledge of men and of affairs."

He came into conflict with Rome—which has given him no little prestige among Anglican controversialists—and the result was a drawn battle. But, on the main issue, the Pope was right and Cyprian wrong. And the Carthaginian bishop was as masterful as the Roman. The emphasis laid on unity in the famous treatise "De Unitate" recalls the discourse of M. Lantaigne in "l'Orme au Mail." Whether, or in what sense, the author accepted the Roman claim to supremacy is doubtful; the most that M. de Labriolle can assert is that "a certain number of points remain obscure." The ice, indeed, is thin, and a Catholic writer has to tread carefully. Tertullian's repudiation of the Papacy, it will be remembered, is truculent, and might have come from Luther or Knox.

The greatest names which follow are those of Jerome and Augustine. "What a strange Saint!" exclaims the

Curé d'Ars of the former, "he is always in a passion," and his infirmity of temper gives a certain piquancy to his descriptions of his contemporaries and of the religious life of his time:—

"For certain smart ecclesiastics with curled hair, perfumed, skittish, and of the butterfly kind, prototypes of the gallant abbés of the eighteenth century, he reserved his most biting ridicule. At one time he denounces 'women who daub with vermilion their cheeks and eyelids, whose plastered faces, disfigured with whitening, make one think of idols; who make up their heads with the hair of others, and furbish up for themselves a tardy youth over their senile wrinkles'; at another it was false devotees who suffered: 'a robe of dirty brown, a coarse belt, unclean hands and feet . . . but the body gorged with meats.'"

He might have succeeded Damasus in the Chair of St. Peter, had he been more prudent, but it was not in him to be so, and on the death of his patron the animosities which his vehemence had occasioned drove him from Rome.

The interest of Augustine is rather religious than political; for good or evil, or rather for good and evil, the later Church, Protestant as well as Catholic, bears the stamp of his fervid genius. But the material was indocile. "Original sin (says Jeremy Taylor), as it is at this day commonly explicated, was not the doctrine of the Primitive Church. But when Pelagius had puddled the stream St. Austin was so angry that he stamped and puddled it worse." Of how many religious controversies may a similar account be given!

The concluding chapters deal with the writers of the transition period between the old and the new civilization—Boethius, Prudentius, Isidore of Seville, Gregory of Tours. Their work was one of mixed quality; but it forms a link between two separate cultures, and its importance for history is great. There are historical and literary problems which can only be grasped fully after we have seen their factors coming to light during this period. M. de Labriolle calls the attention of his countrymen to their value:—

"When our Higher Course of Studies shall have taken a more generous interest in these masterpieces, scholarly research will again turn in the direction of patristic study, and we shall then be on the road to win back our former hegemony in this domain, of which a prolonged lack of interest has dispossessed us."

THE MACDONALD "MYSTERY."

J. Ramsay MacDonald (1923-1925). By ICONOCLAST. (Parsons. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is a widespread tendency to expect that anyone who displays unusual qualities of one kind will be equally distinguished in other respects. If a man has eloquence, he is expected to show wisdom; if he has a quick intellect, he is assumed to possess a sound judgment; if he has ability, he is credited with integrity of character. These expectations are so frequently disappointed that we may assume them to be ill-founded. Nevertheless, they persist, and give rise to a great deal of unnecessary mystification.

The great MacDonald mystery seems to have arisen out of this common psychological illusion. Mr. MacDonald has some of the attributes of greatness.

"Apparently," writes Mr. Nevinson, "there is something irresistible in the man himself. He has that power which Goethe was the first to call 'personality' . . . It is partly physical. Look along the front row of any platform where he is, and when your eyes reach him you will say at once, 'There's the man!'"

(Well, not if Mr. Bernard Shaw was also in the front row, but that is by the way.)

"There is the singularly handsome head, the tall and active frame; the voice of wide and powerful range. . . . The trained intellect is there, the record of hard, intellectual toil, the wide and accurate knowledge of the world and its problems, whether Indian or European. There is also the keen and cultivated appreciation of beauty, whether of nature or of art."

That is the portrait of a fine fellow, but only the tendency to attribute all the qualities to those who possess some could make us surprised if such a one, when raised to the dizzy height of the first Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary to have held those offices without apprenticeship in any junior Ministerial post, should display a morbid vanity and secretiveness injurious to his work and reputa-

tion. Such weaknesses are, indeed, frequently to be found with such qualities. If a smaller man attains some smaller office just within his reach, his friends watch him anxiously to see whether he suffers from "swelled head." If it develops, it is not regarded as a deadly malady or a grave moral delinquency; a friendly hint, or a little gentle snubbing, is considered the appropriate remedy. When, however, Mr. MacDonald, in exceptionally trying circumstances, is attacked by this complaint, half his friends are aghast at the enormity of his crime, while the other half vehemently deny the existence of the most obvious symptoms. It would be hard to say which treatment is more cruel to the sufferer.

"Iconoclast," a brilliant journalist and an enthusiastic worshipper at the MacDonald shrine, has written a highly readable and entertaining book on the general thesis that the fall of MacDonald from power was brought about, not by any weaknesses in the man or his policy, not even by the inevitable trend of public events, but by a deliberate campaign of calumny against his saintly character:—

"The plain man had a conviction that Mr. MacDonald was somehow different from other politicians. . . . Suspicion and distrust had largely been dissipated: in their place was this sentiment, warmer than interest, faintly tinged with reverence. From other politicians he was distinguished by something like a halo.

"Since this halo was the intangible and at the same time effective bulwark of Labour, to break it was the surest method of breaking Labour's hold. This is the clue to the tactic pursued from the middle of August on. The method throughout was one of personal attack."

To this thesis "Iconoclast" adapts the public history of 1923-1925 with an astounding simplicity. She admits a certain secretiveness, but she boldly defends it:—

"Between the Scylla of reserve and the Charybdis of openness the statesman can hardly hope to steer an uncriticized course. If Mr. MacDonald chose silence—or rather, if his temperament chose it for him—he chose the course of dignity."

She passes over the strokes of luck by which his policy was saved through the intervention of others, with as disarming a naivety as that with which she dismisses his blunders:—

"After numerous contretemps—one between Mr. Snowden and the Bankers, another apropos of the publication of Mr. MacDonald's letter to the League of Nations rejecting the draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance—agreement was reached."

(What an eventful parenthesis!) She repeats, with touching confidence, his astonishing evasions:—

"Mr. MacDonald was twitted at the time, and constantly, because in June he had declared that we would not make a loan to Russia. Useless, apparently, to point out that it was one thing to undertake to give a loan for unspecified purposes, and quite another to agree to guarantee the interest and sinking fund of a loan which Russia could raise in the City, and would . . . earmark for productive purchases, largely in this country."

If she brings herself to admit that he has imperfections, they are at most the imperfections of a saintly character:—

"If one can for a moment separate the human being in him from the statesman, politician, artist, who, in their combination, make up his character, one can find in that human being all the traits of a child—a beautiful, gifted, at times infinitely tiresome child."

Such is the picture that "Iconoclast" draws of one of the most sophisticated politicians of the day. It is a gallant attempt to depict him as an almost perfect hero embarrassed only by his inability to comprehend the depravity of his enemies. Yet, somehow, we cannot feel that the reputation of Mr. MacDonald gains by this process. The "infinitely tiresome child" is smaller and less attractive than the infinitely tiresome man whom we think we know; the man who was prevented by the inhibitions of a Scottish childhood from accepting the counsel of friends and colleagues when he desperately needed it; who was so uplifted by a sense of his own importance and sagacity that he could not avail himself of the great opportunity which came to him of leading a progressive majority in the House of Commons for four years along the path of amelioration and appeasement; who was so vain as to think that he could solve the most stubborn international problem by writing love-letters to Poincaré; so secretive that he made a mystery of the most harmless transactions, and so self-righteous that he regarded any criticism of himself as a form of blasphemy;

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and yet a man of high ideals, great capacity, and a generous spirit who is always struggling tenaciously to advance the cause of justice and of peace. Such, in our judgment, is the real MacDonald, who is no more mysterious than any other man or woman of developed character.

P. I.

FOUR GENERATIONS.

The Book of the Beresford Hopes. By HENRY WILLIAM LAW and IRENE LAW. (Heath Cranton. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book is so essentially a family history that its appeal will necessarily be limited. Few families are remarkable enough, except in their own eyes, to warrant the detailed tracing of their progress through four generations—unless, of course, the narrator has the creative genius of an artist, in which case the least distinguished family might serve his purpose equally well. No such genius is possessed by the authors of this volume, and the most that can be said for them is that, in a plain, pedestrian way, they have done the best with the heterogeneous materials at their command, and have produced a book which, if unavoidably dull at times, has at least some bright and interesting passages.

The Beresford Hopes, whose line became extinct by the premature death in 1916 of a young diplomat of high promise, were descended from a family of Dutch merchants, who were also patrons of the arts. Thomas Hope, with whom the present record begins, was born in Amsterdam in 1769. After a childhood spent in Holland and some years of travel in Europe, undertaken for the purpose of studying Gothic architecture, he came to London, whither he had been preceded by other members of his family, who fled from their Dutch homes in fear of the French invasion of 1794. He settled in Duchess Street, Portland Square, where he put his architectural theories into practice, flattering himself that, though his means were limited and his space confined, he had succeeded in decorating an old house with "an elegance and unity of design and a classic taste" which he failed to find in the habitations of his neighbours. In 1806 he married an Irish girl, Louisa Beresford, who quickly became one of the most noted beauties of her time, as entries in Farington's Diary testify. Thomas and Louisa rapidly rose to social importance, and their parties in London and at their country seat in Surrey, "a perfect Italian palace full of galleries adorned with busts," attracted not only the fashionable, but the literary and artistic world. If, indeed, the authors had concentrated on Thomas and his wife, their book would have been more attractive, appealing to the student of social history no less than to lovers of architecture and the fine arts. As it is, our appetite for a tasty meal is whetted by very pleasant *hors d'œuvre*, only to be offered a prosaic cut of cold roast beef—with a few good pickles.

The main figure in this history is Alexander James Beresford Hope, the youngest son of Thomas and Louisa. In Alexander the family passion for architecture turned in the direction of ecclesiology. While at Cambridge, he had shown marked predilections for the High Church Party; and, as politician, journalist, and amateur architect, his life was spent in the service of "Christianity," as he understood it. To him the form was everything, and the spirit, so far as any evidence is discoverable in these pages, nothing. Here is the man, in a few lines:—

"In another letter to Webb he [Alexander] deals at great length with the proper position of worshippers in a 'domestic oratory,' and suggests that they should occupy stalls on each side and pray in a somewhat easterly direction, so that a line from west to east up the centre of the oratory would 'represent the resultant of their united worship.' The family were to be in the upper stalls, with the master of the house in the same position as the Dean in a cathedral, and the servants in the lower stalls, which 'would be much more convenient from a disciplinary point of view, enabling the master and mistress to have their eyes on the behaviour of the servants.'"

That Alexander was actuated by sincere motives there can be no doubt. But he lacked humour, and showed small knowledge of human nature, as when, building a church in a wild part of Staffordshire, he expected a township to grow up around it, since people would be attracted to dwell

there in order to enjoy the rare religious privileges which he offered. It is not surprising that, through experiments of this kind, he dissipated much of his inherited fortune, and that the only financially successful venture of his life was the establishing of the "Saturday Review." Nor is it amazing to find that one of his sons, Philip, was mainly distinguished for gambling, and that "any mention of the Church drove him to profanity."

THE SAAR.

A Danger Spot in Europe, and its Government by the League of Nations. By Sir ROBERT DONALD, G.B.E., LL.D. (Parsons. 3s. 6d.)

"THE Saar" is a term which, in the ears of those who follow in any detail the problems of post-war Europe, has come to have a connotation of almost unendurable tedium. It is the conspicuous merit of Sir Robert Donald's little book that, by a freshness and succinctness of handling, the whole dreary business is raised out of the morass of localized detail under which it had become submerged, and projected, as it were, on to the screen of the world's "pictures" in outlines and in a perspective which reveal instantly the live significance of the subject.

For the understanding of the deeper factors underlying the Saar problem some acquaintance with the historical and geographical background of the subject is essential, and this is provided in admirably clear form in three opening chapters. In particular, an illuminating account is given of the struggle which developed during the Peace Conference between President Wilson and the French negotiators, who demanded—with a tenacity exceeding apparently that shown in any other connection—the annexation outright of the whole region by France. For the American President such a solution was ruled out absolutely by the principle of self-determination, under which by no amount of special pleading could the purely German population of the region be simply transferred to France. From the struggle, which at one point came within an ace of wrecking the whole Peace Conference, emerged a compromise solution. The mines of the Saar Basin were to become the property of the French Government, subject to a provision which makes it possible for Germany, in certain precisely defined circumstances, to buy them back after fifteen years; while the population was provisionally, for a period of fifteen years, withdrawn from German rule and placed under the direct control of the League of Nations, acting through a special Governing Commission. At the end of that period an opportunity is to be provided, by means of a plebiscite, for the population to say whether it will revert to Germany, join France, or continue under the League of Nations. The history of the Saar Basin from the day of the acceptance of this compromise to the present time is the history of an attempt, largely successful, by France to pervert the internationalist intention of the Versailles solution to the practical equivalent of despotic French rule, through the person of the French President of the Governing Commission, and at the same time to undermine in advance the conditions of a fair plebiscite. Of this whole process on its economic, social, and political sides, Sir Robert Donald gives an account which is invaluable not only in respect of its intrinsic quality as a clear account of established facts, but because at the present moment these facts are exercising a most baneful influence in discrediting the League of Nations, whose responsibility for the cancer of the Saar is made painfully clear in the course of the narrative; and because, further, this failure of the League to live up to the principles which it was meant to embody has sown, and is still sowing, in Germany a hatred of the League among the broad masses of the population. It is in the interest of Europe, of the League, and, last but not least, of peace itself that Sir Robert Donald's timely and eminently readable book should have the widest possible circulation; it is, however, an ominous sign of the ignorance or indifference to the facts and principles involved in the Saar that the notorious M. Rault has been re-elected as President of the Governing Commission, with Mr. Chamberlain's approval.

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ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

IN "History of the Irish State to 1014" (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.), Mrs. Alice Stopford Green has "attempted to construct for the first time a continuous and reasonable account of the Irish Commonwealth down to the death of its greatest leader, Brian Boru." "The Political Debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas," with an introduction by George Haven Putnam (Putnam. 17s. 6d.), contains the speeches of Lincoln and Douglas in 1858, in the controversy which was the precursor of the Civil War. "A King's Private Letters," with a preface by Admiral Mark Kerr (Nash & Grayson. 10s. 6d.), contains letters written by King Constantine of Greece to Paola, Princess of Saxe-Weimar, from 1912 to 1923.

"The Marxian Economic Handbook and Glossary," by W. H. Emmett (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.), is a text-book for advanced students and beginners, designed to explain and interpret Marx's theories. In "The Labour Revolution" (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.), Karl Kautsky, the well-known German Socialist, deals with the political and economic conditions and problems involved in Labour's bid for power. "Christian Social Duty," by John Lee (Student Christian Movement. 5s.), deals with the contribution which Christianity could or should make to social organization. In "The Story of Woman" (Chapman & Hall. 5s.), Mr. W. L. George gives an account of the history of woman's position through the ages. "St. Paul and the Church of Jerusalem," by Wilfred L. Knox (Cambridge University Press. 18s.), contains a narrative of St. Paul's life when he was in contact with the original community of Christians in Jerusalem. The book is admirably documented.

The Oxford University Press publishes a reprint of Southey's "The Life of Wesley" in two volumes, in the "Oxford Editions of Standard Authors." A new volume in "The Roadmaker Series" is "Oliver Cromwell," by Andrew Dakers (Parsons. 4s. 6d.).

"Ballads," a selection edited by Frank Sidgwick (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.), is a charming anthology of old ballads with interesting introductions and notes.

"The Prisoners of War," by J. R. Ackerley (Chatto & Windus. 5s.), is a play which has merits above the average.

The Cambridge University Press has just published a second edition of the first volume of the "Principia Mathematica" of Whitehead and Russell (42s.). The main improvements are incorporated in a new introduction.

"The Handbook of Sierra Leone," by T. N. Goddard (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.), contains an immense amount of information, and is published by authority of the Government of Sierra Leone.

"Bird Islands of Peru," by R. C. Murphy (Putnam. 15s.), contains some really remarkable photographs of the islands and the birds.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

MR. LUDWIK EHRLICH, Director of the Institute of Law, John Kazimir University, Lwow, presents the case for Poland in an article on "Poland and Dantzig," in the "Nineteenth Century." He is concerned to prove that the Free City of Dantzig, constituted by the Versailles Treaty, "has been given a political organization separate from Poland only in so far as this could be done without impairing Poland's free and secure access to the sea." The last words run like a recurrent melody through all the composition, blended with an eloquent desire for a "fair chance," an abatement of the powers of the High Commissioner of the League of Nations, and for perfect security, the kind which implies the importation of war materials. In the "Contemporary Review," on the other hand, Mr. George Glasgow, also discussing the question of security, suggests that Germany and Lithuania be allowed to buy back their territory acquired by Poland. "There is no more reason in equity why Germany should buy back her own territory than Lithuania should buy back Vilna: but if money will serve, is it not worth the price? . . . If

Poland gave up the corridor, Upper Silesia and Vilna, and abandoned her unwise claims in Danzig . . . she would have gained money on the one hand, and national security on the other." So the two main attitudes towards security continue to confront each other, on parallel lines, which never meet. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald writes in the "Nineteenth Century" on "President Ebert and Hjalmar Branting." Captain Wedgwood Benn has an article in the "Contemporary Review" on the "Political Levy Bill."

Lord Olivier contributes to the "Contemporary Review" a paper called "Anglo-Indians and their Communal Claims"—a comment on the Memorandum issued by the Anglo-Indian Society, setting forth the anxiety they feel in face of the Reform Movement in India. In the same paper Lord Parmoor describes "A Visit to Ceylon," and Mr. Horace Alexander, in "Asia's Struggle Against Opium," discusses, not technical nor legal difficulties, but the attitude of the Indian and Chinese peoples themselves towards the cultivation of the opium poppy. "During the past few months," he writes, "attempts have been made to show that the League of Nations machinery, in the Drug Conferences, was being used to force a peculiarly narrow Western Puritan morality upon a reluctant world. I believe it would be truer to state what may seem almost the opposite: that the debased materialism, the economic imperialism, of Europe has prevented the machinery of the League from being used as effectively as the peoples of the East would have liked." We suspect, however, that Mr. Alexander is treating the views of a few Oriental reformers as identical with those of the East as a whole. In the "Empire Review" Mr. F. Britten Austin prophesies the most appalling results from the recently concluded Treaty between Japan and the Russian Soviet Government. Although his subject-matter is far from amusing, surely there is something a little funny in this: "The assumption that either America, or the British Empire, or both, would accept defeat at the hands of a 'yellow race' implies a fatuous ignorance of national psychology. . . . Does any nation accept defeat when there is any other alternative? Is our snobbishness to prevail in this imaginary war, when other defences shall have been found useless?"

"Foreign Affairs," an American quarterly review, contains an article by W. E. B. Du Bois on "Worlds of Colour." . . . "In the dawn of this century," he writes, "I wrote 'The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the colour line.' It was a pert phrase which I then liked, and which since I have often rehearsed to myself, asking how far was it prophecy and how far speculation?" He decides that it was prophecy, and examines "the dark colonial shadow" which "walks with nearly every great European empire to-day." "The problem of the twentieth century" can, of course, be made to be any writer's particular obsession, but the "Review of the Churches" upholds, to a certain extent, Mr. Du Bois' view by giving up a large amount of space this month to a discussion on "The Clash of Colour," with papers by Sir Valentine Chirol, Sir Frederick Lugard, Lord Olivier, and others.

The "Adelphi," it appears, is to continue. This month it contains an article by Maxim Gorki on Knut Hamsun, a short story called "Picnic," by Mr. John Metcalfe, and a description of the emotions of a candidate for Parliamentary election, by Mr. J. H. Clynes. The last is called "The People's Will": "His heart warmed to this drab, noisy multitude, as he threaded the spaces between fruit-stalls in the road, sandwich-men, weary gutter musicians, and the knots of sceptics listening to the patter of watch-and-ring tricksters with their guinea's worth for eighteenpence. How easy their work was, if their hearts could only tell them! Vote for the right man, and their tangled equations would begin to resolve themselves, and a better order emerge."

"Chambers's Journal" publishes "Craskie," a short story by Hilton Brown, "Rand Gold Robbers," by W. Ardouin, "Drug Smuggling in the Orient," by Major W. R. Foran, and "Bessarabia: A New Travel Ground," by E. C. Davies. The "Cornhill Magazine" prints another "Tale from the Persian Gulf," "An Alfresco Nautch," by Brigadier-General H. H. Austin, an article on "The Good Sense of Molière's Ladies," by F. A. MacCunn, and a continuation of the "Fragments of Autobiography" of Thomas Hughes.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CHEAP STOCKS—ELECTRICAL SHARES—CENTRAL PROVINCES.

THE Budget year has ended, in accordance with recent expectations, with a small surplus of revenue over expenditure. The income tax and supertax have both yielded more than was estimated, but Customs and Excise have fallen short of Mr. Snowden's anticipations. In the present financial year there will be an increase in the Sinking Fund and a further automatic fall in revenue, due to the full effect of last year's tax-reductions. This should about balance the buoyancy of revenue and further automatic reductions in expenditure. Apart from changes of policy, therefore, it is not easy to see where Mr. Churchill is to obtain means for reducing taxation. The Treasury has not helped the gilt-edged market by calling for tenders for £30,000,000 of 3½ per cent. Conversion. The trade situation is described by our contemporary the "Economist" as stagnant. Disappointment at the absence of trade expansion at a time of the year when expansion should be apparent, and the passing of dividends by important concerns in the iron and steel trades, furthered the liquidation in industrial stocks (except in certain favourites such as the Tobaccos and Courtaulds, where no bull accounts existed). Nevertheless, the reports of industrial companies now being published for the year 1924 show, on the whole, a decided improvement over the previous year's results. Dunlops, for example, with a net profit of £1½ millions, show a 50 per cent. improvement. Apart from industrials, some other stocks are beginning to look cheap at present prices. In the foreign market Greek 7 per cent. Loan at 91 offers a yield of about £7 14s. 0d., with the chance of a profit of 9 points by September when drawings begin. The security of this loan is good, particularly as Greek revenues and the settlement of refugees appear to be making steady progress. City of Prague 7½ per cent. Sterling Bonds at 94½, yielding nearly 8 per cent., is another cheap and respectable foreign stock. In the Home Railway market Metropolitans at 78½ or Districts at 48½ return yields of £6 7s. and £7 2s. respectively. On the whole, it seems unlikely that there will be any strike in the railway world this year, certainly none that would seriously affect the Metropolitan and the lines that will carry Wembley traffics. In the Brewery section City of London down to 58s. yield nearly 7 per cent., on the basis of last year's dividend (excluding bonus), and in view of the fact that this company's valuable asset in Thameside wharves has not been written up, the possibility of another bonus at some future date is worth remembering. In the oil market, prices have slumped badly. There is certainly a check to the upward course of crude oil prices, and refined oils have fallen, but the fall in the price of Pennsylvania crude oil is negligible (it is a special crude producing high-grade lubricants), and has not the remotest effect on Shells, Royal Dutch or other companies marketing refined oils. Shells at 4½ are clearly not dear on the basis of last year's dividend of 22½ per cent., which is likely to be maintained. British Controlled Preferred at 19s. may seem reasonably priced when the next monthly report shows a considerable increase in the company's production.

While trade generally is stagnant, the electrical industry is reported to be in a sound condition. The Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company's accounts—the first accounts of an electrical manufacturing concern to be published for the year 1924—disclose a fairly good recovery. The net profit of £178,808 (after providing for debenture interest and depreciation) shows an increase of 27 per cent. on the net profit for 1923. The dividend on the ordinary shares is maintained at 8 per cent. We give below a table showing the results of three other electrical manufacturing concerns, which are leaders in their class, namely English Electric Co.,

Siemens Bros., and General Electric Co. The accounts for the year ending December, 1924, are usually published in May in the case of English Electric, and in June in the case of Siemens Bros. For General Electric the financial year ends in March and the accounts are published fairly promptly. The English Electric was formed in 1918 to amalgamate a number of important British firms in the electrical and allied trades. It is interested also in the English Electric Co. of Canada and other foreign subsidiaries. It has a capital of £2,647,588, in £983,565 Cumulative Preference shares of 6 per cent., and £1,664,023 Ordinary shares, with £2,184,922 outstanding in 5½ per cent. Mortgage Debentures (£881,500) and 6 per cent. Convertible Debenture Stock (£1,303,422). Its principal manufactures are steam and water turbines, internal combustion engines, electrical generating machinery, electric locomotives, railway rolling stock and equipment, electrical machinery of all kinds down to incandescent lamps. The company is well placed to take advantage of the gradual but steady revival that is going on in these trades. Turbo-generating machinery is in particularly good demand. Siemens Bros. is more specialized and has therefore had bigger set-backs as well as bigger profits. It was formed in 1880 to take over the business of Messrs. Siemens Bros., telegraph engineers and contractors. Its business consists of the manufacture of all kinds of insulated cable for submarine and land telegraphs, telephones, electric light and power transmission, telephone apparatus and electrical appliances generally. The company has lately secured profitable orders, and it may be expected that the decision of the G.P.O. to convert the telephone system of London from "manual" to "automatic" control will ensure work for the company for many years to come. Its capital is £1,815,000 (in 315,000 Cumulative Preference shares of 10 per cent., and 1,500,000 Ordinary shares), with £877,300 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock outstanding. The General Electric, a bigger concern, is one of the largest manufacturers of electrical machinery and accessories in this country, is interested in seven other electrical manufacturing companies, in six other electrical trading companies, and in four electricity supply companies (two in England, one in Columbia and one in Madeira). Its profits have been remarkably steady, and there is some chance of its rate of dividend being increased in respect of the year ended last month. Its capital is £5,711,975 in 1,800,000 Cumulative "A" Preference of 6½ per cent., 1,800,000 in Cumulative "B" Preference of 7½ per cent., and 2,111,975 Ordinary shares, with £3,422,600 7 per cent. Mortgage Debentures outstanding. We give the following comparative table of these companies' profits, and as the interest charges are an important consideration we have shown the amounts payable from the profits in respect of debenture interest and preference dividends.

	English Electric.	Siemens.	General Electric.
Ord Cap.	£ 3,500,000	£ 1,500,000	£ 2,400,000
	To Dec.	Div.	To March. Div.
Net profit before providing for Deb. Int. & Depreciation	1920 266,725—8%	336,403—10% free + 20% bonus.	630,143—10% free
	1921 317,063—5%	283,111—10%	796,148—10% free
	1922 262,305—5%	22,200—Nil	565,581—5%
	1923 261,350—5%	171,998—Nil	751,486—5%
	1924	Int. 2½%	835,561—5%
1924 { Deb. Int.	148,911	40,684	241,241
{ Pref. Divs.	50,464	30,375	252,000
	199,375	71,059	493,241
1924 { Depreciation & Reserve	Nil	Nil	184,044
			677,285
Available for Ordinary divs. in 1924	61,975	100,939	158,276

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It is expected in the market that Siemens will pay a final 7½ per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year, and that English Electric will maintain their dividend at 5 per cent. The following table of current prices and yields should be read in the light of these considerations:

	Prices.	Yields.
English Electric :		£ s. d.
Ordinary	19/3-20/0	5 0 0
6% Pref.	21/0-22/0	5 11 8
5½% 1st Mort. Deb. ...	103½-104½	5 5 7
6% Convert. Deb. ...	107½-109	5 11 2
Siemens Bros. :		
Ordinary	25/6-26/3	—
10% Cum. Pref.	29/3-30/3	6 13 6
4½% Deb.	88½-90	5 1 2
General Electric :		
Ordinary	22/3-23/0	4 8 10
6½% "A" Cum. Pref. ...	23/0-24/3	5 8 4
7½% "B" Cum. Pref. ...	23/3-24/3	6 5 0
7% Mort. Debs.	104½-105½	6 13 6

The 6% Convertible Debentures of English Electric are convertible into 100 fully paid Ordinary shares for each £100 stock up to July 1st, 1927; into 90 Ordinary shares from that date to 1930, and into 80 Ordinary shares from 1930 to 1933.

In THE NATION of March 14th we summarized the position in the manganese ore industry, and expressed the opinion that the possible deal between the Harri-man interests and the Soviet Government in regard to the manganese deposits in the Caucasus would not adversely affect manganese producing companies in India. Confirmation of this view comes in the form of a capital bonus of two shares for three for the shareholders of the Central Provinces Manganese Ore Company. During the past week there has been considerable activity in these shares, and the price has risen from 5 31-32 on March 16th to 8 1-16 on March 31st. The report just issued shows that net profits for 1924 were £254,978, an increase of 20 per cent. on the figure for 1923. It is also clear from the report that the prospects for the current year are very favourable, and that this property is most conservatively valued at its present market capitalization of under £4,000,000.

Some people were misled by the announcement that the Commonwealth of Australia was issuing a 6 per cent. internal loan at 99, and that holders of the loans of Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania could convert. These conversion rights applied only to holders of the internal loans of those States, not to holders of loans raised in London. As the Australian £ is at a premium, it would cost about £3 10s. for a telegraphic transfer of £100, so that the issue was not attractive to British investors. But it is interesting as showing that by virtue of the Trustee Acts the Australian Government can obtain money cheaper in London than in its home country.

IS STERLING OVERVALUED?

THE chief reasons for anxiety in the near future, on the part of those who advocate an immediate return to the gold standard, depend upon: (1) Whether at the present moment sterling is overvalued relatively to the dollar, and (2) whether business confidence and the present high level of prices in the United States are going to continue in a degree which will obliterate the overvaluation of sterling, or, at any rate, prevent the situation from getting worse.

The publication of the latest figures compiled by the Federal Reserve Board of the United States, as to the relative price-levels here and in America, goes a little way towards answering the first question. The figures from February, 1924, to February, 1925, are as follows:—

		Great Britain. In Sterling.	United States. Converted to a Gold Basis.
1924 Feb.	180	160	163
Sept.	172	158	156
Oct.	175	161	159
Nov.	176	167	160
Dec.	177	171	165
1925 Jan.	178	175	168
Feb.	178	174	167

Thus, in February, 1924, sterling prices, converted to a gold basis, were three points below American prices; but in February, 1925, they are seven points higher. This means that, between the two dates, the exchange has improved 6 per cent. more than the relative price-levels have justified. The purchasing power parity theory of the exchanges as between two given dates is, for several reasons, not accurate; but these figures do definitely suggest that some overvaluation of sterling is ruling now. The indexes of prices for March, when we have them, will probably show an aggravation of the situation rather than otherwise.

There is, also, other corroborative evidence. The observed result is just what one would have expected as a consequence of the flow of funds from America to London on Capital account, which we know to have taken place; whilst the exceptional difficulty which our export trades are finding in competing successfully in the international markets points to the same conclusion. If our exchanges were 5 per cent. lower than they are, with our internal price-level unchanged, our industries could afford to abate their prices 5 per cent. in the international markets. The rise of the exchange, whatever may have been its cause, is at least a part of the explanation of the difficulties of our exporters. I believe that it would be much better for us, as well as much easier, to let our exchange adjust itself to the present



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level of our prices and our wages, which have now been fairly steady for some time, rather than to run the risk of having to force down the general level of wages by 5 per cent., at whatever cost to industrial peace. The theory, which some journalists put forward, that a return to the gold standard will, in itself, enable our exporters to offer more competitive prices in the international markets, has no reasonable foundation.

The other question, namely, whether the boom in the United States is going to continue, is still most difficult to answer. If prices rise there, then the return to gold may not involve us in any special difficulties in the very near future. But the reaction in Wall Street and the collapse of speculation in the grain markets have caused a definite setback. The prospects are much more uncertain than they were even a month ago. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has therefore done wisely to put off any decision until after Easter. The reasons for moving slowly and cautiously have grown decidedly stronger since the beginning of the year. If we go back to gold and if prices in the United States do not rise, we shall be compelled, at all costs, to force down money wages in this country;—which is not an attractive prospect. I do not see why we should gamble on the future course of American prices, instead of waiting to see what happens.

J. M. K.

ARGENTINE SECURITIES.

SO far as national credit is concerned Argentina occupies a good position. A very satisfactory trade balance is disclosed for the first nine months of the past year. Imports during the first six months of 1924 amounted to \$412,254,969 gold, compared with \$434,215,048 for the corresponding half of 1923, or a decrease of about 5 per cent., while exports totalled \$569,885,168 gold, against \$457,151,616, an increase of 24.7 per cent. Whereas in 1923 the favourable trade balance for the first six months was \$22,936,568, this time it is \$157,630,199. In respect of 1923, the balance for the year was unfavourable at \$97,068,834 gold, but according to the figures for the first nine months of 1924, the estimated surplus for the latter year is put at \$230 millions gold. Imports, however, during 1923 were probably unusually large on account of the impending rise in import duties.

The finances of the Republic show a progressive improvement. In 1922 there was a Budget deficit of a little more than \$139 millions paper, while the estimated deficit on the 1923 Budget was \$35,345,000. Of this latter figure, however, about \$24 millions was on account of advances to the State Railways and to the National Sanitary Works Department. The par value of the gold dollar is 47½d., while the value of the paper dollar was fixed at 44 cents gold.

At June 30th last the country's floating debt was \$813.3 millions paper. The floating debt of the State-owned railways, which are said to be in a very unsatisfactory financial position, was \$140 millions paper, and in order to reduce this heavy charge upon the national finances, the 1925 Budget includes a provision of \$8.3 millions paper for amortization.

Present prices and yields of representative Argentine stocks, quoted on the London market, are as follows:—

Stock.	Final redemption date.	Price.	Yields.
5% 1886-87	1929 ...	100 ...	5 5 9
4% Rescission	1944 ...	77 ...	6 5 3
4% Bonds, 1897	1951 ...	75 ...	6 5 0
5% Int. Gold Ln., 1907 ...	1944 ...	91 ...	5 18 0
5% " " " 1909	1945 ...	90x ...	5 17 3

In our list, with the exception of those of the 5 per cent. of 1907, which are payable in June and December at the Bank of London and South America, all coupons are payable at Baring Brothers in London. Those on the 5 per cent. of 1886-87 and the 4 per cent. Rescission are

due in January and July, on the 4 per cent. of 1897 in April and October, and on the 5 per cent. of 1909 in March and December. In some quarters it is considered that in view of the comparatively stabilized Government stock values are low. Be this as it may, yields are not excessive when compared with those of other South American Government loans. Taking the Rescission, for instance, which offers the highest return to the investor, the present yield of £6 5s. 3d. on a 4 per cent. stock due for redemption by 1944 is fairly moderate, while in the case of the 5 per cent. of 1909, which are to be retired not later than 1945, the yield is only about £5 17s. 3d. The average annual return on the five stocks quoted above is about £5 18s. 3d.

That a reasonably steady policy of debt redemption is being carried out is evident. The largest of the loans quoted above was the 4 per cent. Rescission, which originally totalled over £11½ millions; it has since been reduced to about £7½ millions. In the case of the 5 per cents. of 1909 the reduction has been from £10 millions to about £8 millions, although only a little under £3 millions is quoted in London; in the case of the 5 per cents. of 1886-87 from £8.3 millions to £1.9 millions; in the case of the 4 per cents. of 1897 from £16.8 millions to £12.5 millions; of the 5 per cents. of 1907 from £7.0 millions to £5.2 millions. Of the last-named issue only £2.4 millions is quoted.

The improved industrial outlook in Argentina and the more favourable course of the exchange are good omens for the future.

YIELDS OF GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

THE following table is designed to show the net yield for the leading securities on the gilt-edged market in a more informative way than in the usual lists. In the table we give in three columns (1) the flat yield, (2) the yield allowing for accrued interest and loss (or profit) on redemption, and (3) the net yield after deduction of income tax. It is the figure in the last of the three columns that generally matters to the average investor, although he often attends only to the figure in the first column.

	Opening Prices 1 April 1925	Gross Flat Yield	Yield allowing for accrued interest and loss or profit on redemption			
			Gross	Net after deducting Income Tax		
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		
<i>Long-dated Securities—</i>						
3½% Local Loans	66½	4 10 8	4 10 7	3 10 3		
3½% Conversion Loan (1961 or after)	76½	4 11 0	4 11 0	3 10 7		
4% Victory Bonds (1976)	91½	4 7 6	4 10 0	3 10 3		
4% Funding Loan (1960-90)	88½	4 10 6	4 10 9	3 10 6		
<i>Intermediate Securities—</i>						
5% War Loan (1929-47) ...	101½	4 18 2	4 17 4	3 14 11		
4½% Conversion Loan (1940-44)	97½	4 12 7	4 16 0	3 14 11		
<i>Short-dated Securities—</i>						
3½% War Loan (1925-28)	96	3 13 0	5 1 7	4 5 0		
5% National War Bonds (1927)	105½	4 14 10	4 12 2	3 10 10		
4% National War Bonds (1927)	99½	4 0 2	—	4 2 0		
5½% Treasury Bonds, A & B (1929)	101½	5 8 0	4 19 7	3 15 4		
5½% Treasury Bonds, C (1930)	101½	5 8 2	5 2 1	3 17 10		
5% Treasury Bonds, D (1927)	100½	4 19 11	4 19 4	3 16 10		
4½% Treasury Bonds (1930-32)	97½	4 12 6	4 18 8	3 17 11		
4% Treasury Bonds (1931-33)	93½	4 5 8	5 0 0	4 0 9		
<i>Miscellaneous—</i>						
India 3½% (1931 or after)	67½xd	5 3 6	5 3 4	4 0 4		
Commonwealth of Australia 4½% (1940-60) ...	98½	4 16 5	4 18 0	3 16 3		
Sudan 4% Gtd. 1950-74 ...	87½	4 11 6	4 13 8	3 13 1		
Gt. Western 4% Deba. ...	83	4 16 5	4 17 2	3 15 6		
L. & N.E.R. 1st 4% Pf.	75½	5 5 8	5 5 8	4 1 11		

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